

THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1908

NOVEMBER 28, 1908

PRICE THREEPENCE

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

(Incorporated A.D. 1720.)

Governor—SIR NEVILLE LUBBOCK, K.C.M.G.

FIRE, LIFE, SEA, ACCIDENTS,
BURGLARY, EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

SPECIAL TERMS TO ANNUITANTS
—WHEN HEALTH IS IMPAIRED.—

The Corporation will act as Executor of Wills, Trustee of Wills and Settlements.

Prospectus on application to the Secretary.

Head Office: ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C. West End Branch: 44, PALL MALL, S.W.

JUST PUBLISHED.

CATALOGUE OF THEOLOGY,
ANGLICAN, ROMAN, and PROTESTANT
(1,775 Articles).

H. SOTHERAN AND Co., Booksellers,
140 Strand, W.C., and 37 Piccadilly, W.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED.

Catalogue No. 361. 148 Pages

MUDIE'S LIBRARY, Ltd.

SUBSCRIBERS have an unequalled supply of BOOKS both in range and quality. Every facility for the exchange of books. Prompt and careful attention.

And
"MUDIE'S" has the largest stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND BOOKS in the world. Works in 14 languages.

30-34 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS of J. M. W. TURNER in the National Gallery, with Descriptive Text by T. A. COOK. 58 Reproductions in Colour, beautifully done. 1,200 copies published by Cassells 1904 at 63s. net. Offered for 35s.—WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

A CHRISTMAS COURSE
OF
ILLUSTRATED LECTURES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly. W. PROFESSOR WILLIAM STIRLING, M.D., LL.D., D.Sc., will deliver a COURSE of SIX LECTURES (adapted to a Juvenile Auditory) on "THE WHEEL OF LIFE," commencing on TUESDAY, Dec. 29, 1908, at 3 o'clock; to be continued on Dec. 31; and Jan. 2, 5, 7, 9, 1909. Subscription (for Non-Members) to this Course, One Guinea (Children under sixteen, Half-a-Guinea); to all the Courses in the Season, Two Guineas. Tickets may now be obtained at the Institution.

BOOKS.—ALL OUT-OF-PRINT and RARE BOOKS on any subject SUPPLIED. The most expert Bookfinder extant. Please state wants and ask for CATALOGUE. I make a special feature of exchanging any Saleable Books for others selected from my various Lists. Special List of 2,000 Books I particularly want post free.—EDW. BAKER'S Great Bookshop, 14-16 John Bright Street, Birmingham. Harmsworth Encyclopedia, 10 Vols., 56s. net, for 30s. Farmer and Henley's Slang Dictionary, 7s. 6d. Who's Who, 2 vols., 1907, 11s. net. for 5s.

8vo, boards,

1s. net.

May, 1905, to June, 1907.

THE SLING

PART II.

Remarks in connection with Lectures delivered in the Royal Institution and in the Institution of Civil Engineers.

By WM. LEIGHTON JORDAN,
M.R.I., Assoc. Inst. C.E.

London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd.

EARLY BRITISH SCHOOL.—SHEPHERD'S WINTER EXHIBITION of PORTRAITS and LANDSCAPES by Early British Masters is NOW OPEN.
SHEPHERD'S GALLERY, 27 King Street, St. James's.

FIELDING (HENRY), The WORKS of.—10 Vols. Edition de Luxe, with Plates on India Paper. Edited, with a Biographical Essay, by LESLIE; STEPHEN. Original buckram binding, paper label, new. Smith Elder, 1882, £3 5s.—WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

THE LATEST FOUNTAIN PEN, 1909 MODEL

One of the leading manufacturers of Gold Fountain Pens challenges to demonstrate that their pens are the very best, and have the largest sale, that no better article can be produced.

They offer, as an advertisement, the half-guinea Diamond Star Fountain Pens, 1909 Model, for 2/6 each. 2/6

This Pen is fitted with 14-carat Solid Gold Nib, iridium pointed, making it practically everlasting, smooth, soft, and easy writing, and a pleasure to use. Twin Feed and Spiral to regulate the flow of ink, and all the latest improvements.



THE SELF-FILLING AND SELF-CLEANING PERFECTION FOUNTAIN PEN is a Marvel of Simplicity, it deserves to be Popular.

It is non-leakable, fills itself in an instant, cleans itself in a moment—a press, a fill—and every part is guaranteed for two years. The Massive 14-carat Gold Nib is iridium pointed, and will last for years, and improves in use. Fine, Medium, Broad, or J points can be had

This Marvellous Self-Filling Pen, worth 15/- is offered as an advertisement for 5/6 each. 5/6

It deserves to be popular, and is certain to be the Pen of the Future. Every Pen is guaranteed, and money will be returned if not fully satisfied. Any of our readers desiring a really genuine article cannot do better than write to the Makers, Messrs. MYNART & CO., Ltd., Dept. A, 71 High Holborn, London, W.C., and acquire this Bargain. (Agents wanted.)

GAY & HANCOCK'S PUBLICATIONS

Can be obtained at all high-class Booksellers', or, if not, send order with remittance to the Publishers

NOVELS

Crown 8vo, Illustrated, 6s.

THE SWORD OF DUNDEE

A Tale of Bonnie Prince Charlie
By THEODORA PECK

Scotsman.—"In this 'Tale of Bonnie Prince Charlie' liberal use has been made of historical facts to form the foundation of as delightful a romance of Scottish story as has recently been published. . . . Such a book as 'The Sword of Dundee' should do much to revive interest in a worthier type of fiction than is presented by many modern novels."

Newcastle Chronicle.—"A story which makes delightful reading, and is altogether notable."

Crown 8vo, 6s.

AS QUEENS ARE WED

By ANNE WARNER,

Author of

"Seeing France with Uncle John," etc.

Times.—"An entertaining narrative of the wooing of an American widow on the Continent by a great violinist, who pursues her from city to city until the final capture."

Scotsman.—"If Miss Warner will but publish a few more novels like this she will soon have as many warm admirers on this side of the Atlantic as she already has in America."

Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE TAILOR OF VITRÉ

By MAY WYNNE

Times.—"A sound historical romance of fifteenth-century Brittany, when the hated Pierre Landais, 'The Tailor of Vitre,' held the country in his clutches."

Birmingham Post.—"A vigorous and exhilarating piece of romance."

Dundee Advertiser.—"A finely flavoured story of love and adventure."

Crown 8vo, Illustrated, 6s.

THE NEW MISSIONER

By Mrs. WILSON WOODROW

Birmingham Post.—"Has much of the charm and quaintness of Kate Douglas Wiggin, and ought to command many readers."

Times.—"A tale of a woman missionary who won the hearts of her people by the beauty of her character."

A STIRRING STORY

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX,

Author of "Poems of Passion," "Poems of Pleasure," etc.

AN AMBITIOUS MAN

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

GIFT-BOOKS

A CHARMING LITTLE BOOK FOR THE BABY

ALPHABET OF BEASTS

By L. BEATRICE THOMPSON, Author
of "Who's Who at the Zoo."

With Twenty-six Full-page Three-coloured Illustrations, with Picture on Cover.

Size 6in. by 4in.

Tastefully and strongly bound, 1s. 6d. net.

A beautiful animal book which the youngster will carry about and at the same time learn the alphabet.

A STIRRING BOOK FOR BOYS

IN EMPIRE'S CAUSE

By ERNEST PROTHEROE

Author of "From Scapegrace to Hero," etc.

With Eleven Full-page Illustrations of the most Popular Events in British History by R. Caton Woodville, Stanley Wood, and others.

Crown 8vo, attractive cloth cover, 3s. 6d.

A story of the building-up of the British Empire from Caesar to the present time.

THE BEST STORY FOR GIRLS

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

With Frontispiece in Three Colours and Five Half-tone Illustrations by Patten Wilson.

Popular Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Daily Telegraph.—"Bubbles over with dainty humour and tender pathos."

A DELIGHTFUL PRESENT FOR A LADY

THE "ELLA WHEELER WILCOX" BIRTHDAY & AUTOGRAPH BOOK

With Dainty Drawings by

REGINALD RIVINGTON

Size 9in. by 6in. Cloth, gilt extra, 5s. net.

Also bound in various leather bindings, price on application.

VARIA

A NEW BOOK BY AGNES REPPLIER IS A LITERARY EVENT

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 5s.

A HAPPY HALF-CENTURY, and other Essays

By AGNES REPPLIER,

Author of "Points of View," "Essays in Idleness," "Varia," etc.

Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. net.

SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG

By EMILY M. BISHOP

Extract from Preface.—"The earlier in life that one's attention is directed to rational ways of postponing oldness the better for the individual."

Size 6in. by 4½in., cloth, gilt top, 2s. 6d. net.

TUDOR AND STUART LOVE SONGS

Collected and Edited by

J. POTTER BRISCOE.

New and Enlarged Edition.

The Queen.—"As little known as they are beautiful."

Size 6½in. by 4in., cloth gilt, 2s.

STORIES OF VILLAGE AND TOWN LIFE

By M. R. MITFORD,

Author of "Our Village."

Word-Pictures of Old England, collected from Magazines by J. POTTER BRISCOE.

Size 6½in. by 4½in., cloth, 2s. net.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF BORES

By OLIVER HERFORD.

A humorous Alphabet of Human Bores, consisting of an Illustration and Verse to each letter.

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

By EDWARD FITZGERALD

With 12 attractive Illustrations within Persian Borders.

Size 6½in. by 4½in., issued in various coloured Leather Bindings (Lambskin and Ooze Calf), 2s. net.

Size 8½in. by 5½in. 67 Plates. Cloth gilt, 10s. 6d. net.

THE RUINED ABBEYS OF GREAT BRITAIN

By RALPH ADAMS CRAM, F.A.I.A.
F.R.G.S.

Guardian.—"We know of no English photographs of these Abbeys to be compared with this series, which are unusually fine both in technique and artistic merit. Mr. Cram's text is equally deserving of praise."

London: GAY & HANCOCK, Ltd., 12 and 13 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden

CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Life and Letters	507	Peace-Strategy and the Art	
The End	509	of War	517
A Programme for the		Lying Spirits	518
Premier	509	Folk-Memory	519
Mr. Punch's Advertisements .	510	Personality and Research .	520
Law and Suffragettes	511	The Adelphi	521
Make-believe	512	Fiction	522
The Way of the World	513	Distractions at Evensong .	523
Reviews :		Studding-sail	523
The Story of English Verse .	516	Correspondence	524
		Books Received	525

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to The Wilsford Press, Ltd., 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

The Publishing Offices of THE ACADEMY are at 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C., to which address all business letters should be sent.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

LIFE AND LETTERS

THE Archbishop of Canterbury makes a very great mistake if he imagines that he is going to be allowed to betray and sell the Church at his own sweet will, and the feeling of resentment and anger against him and the time-serving political Bishops who have aided and abetted him is growing in volume and force. One most extraordinary feature of the situation is that almost the entire Unionist Press seems to have entered into a conspiracy to support the enemies of the Church. Even the *Standard* has wobbled a great deal, but we are glad to see that it is beginning to realise that there is such a thing to reckon with as the feelings of the rank and file of the clergy and the laity, and that the Archbishop of Canterbury has completely failed to establish any claim to speak for the Church as a whole. A Bill which calmly proposes to confiscate the whole of the Church Schools in single-school districts (upwards of twelve thousand), and in return to offer a "right of entry" which is of little or no value, is a scandalous and cynical attempt at robbery and plunder. The Archbishop of Canterbury should be made to feel, by the irresistible force of opinion, that he has lost the confidence and even the respect of the Church he has so light-heartedly offered to betray. He must resign his post. As long as he continues to occupy it the Church will not be safe. If he is an honourable man he will realise that it is impossible for him to continue to draw the large emoluments and enjoy the prestige of a position which, in the estimation of the vast majority of Churchmen, he has shown himself utterly unfitted to fill with even a glimmering of understanding as to what is expected of him. As to the Unionist Press, it is popularly supposed to be incorruptible, but our firm opinion is that it is both corrupt and rotten. There is a limit to mere folly and blindness, and we refuse to believe that the gentlemen who write articles denouncing in violent terms all those who decline to be parties to this infamous "compromise" have not reasons for their apparent lack of common sense which are intimately connected with their banking accounts. Just as certain politicians force one to remember that Germany has an enormous Secret Service fund, and that she spends it with a lavish hand, so do certain journalists cause one to reflect that the Nonconformists are very rich and very generous when the manufacture of "public opinion" is concerned.

The rejection by the House of Lords of the Licensing Bill was, of course, a foregone conclusion. Immediately after the provisions of the Bill were made public we recorded our opinion that by introducing it Mr. Asquith had "committed political suicide," and there was never really any doubt as to its fate, among people of average intelligence. At the same time, it's a poor heart that never rejoices, and we desire to put on record our testimony of rejoicing that this ridiculous attempt at legislation has gone to the dust-heap. Now that it is definitely disposed of one can afford to think of its comic aspect rather than to insist on its fundamental wickedness and dishonesty. Looked at from this point of view, the Licensing Bill assumes an almost pathetically ludicrous aspect. It was Mr. Asquith's great and crowning effort, and it was introduced with a deafening flourish of trumpets to the accompaniment of "howls without" from Messrs. Winston Churchill, Lloyd George, Augustine Birrell, "Lulu" Harcourt, and the rest of them. The terrible menaces uttered by these courageous gentlemen against the House of Lords should they venture to stand between "the people" and their "passionate desire for temperance reform" still ring in our ears—and now the Licensing Bill is as dead as a door-nail the House of Lords is placed on a pinnacle of public approval and public thankfulness, and the only thing that stands between "the people" and their "passionate desire" to get rid of the most contemptible and incompetent Government that has existed within living memory is the determination of Mr. Asquith and his colleagues to hang on to office, at any rate till they have qualified for pensions or provided against loss of income consequent on their complete and eternal extinction. Unfortunately for them, their "time-limit" is a very short one.

We have seldom read anything more foolish than a paragraph in the current number of *Vanity Fair*, which contains a sneering reference to that great sculptor, Alfred Gilbert. We quote from Mr. Frank Harris's journal: "The name of Alfred Gilbert makes one smile. His fountain in Piccadilly is there to show how far ineptitude can go." Alfred Gilbert's fountain in Piccadilly is there to show any man who has an eye for beauty—and who is not the slave of the current cant of the day—that Gilbert is more than able to hold his own against any living sculptor. There is also his statue of Queen Victoria at Winchester, with the exquisite little figure on the globe in the Queen's hand, which is worthy of Benvenuto Cellini, and there is his beautiful memorial to the Duke of Clarence, which is instinct with the feeling of the great Renaissance artists, and there are a score of other serenely beautiful works. But of course, "the thing to do" is to admire Rodin, to the exclusion of all other modern sculptors, just as it is "the thing" to shriek wildly about Mr. Sargent, and just as it used to be "the thing" to exalt Whistler far above his not inconsiderable merits. We should like to wager that if Mr. Gilbert had chosen to appear before the public as Alfonso Gabriele Gilberto, Mr. Harris would have been smiling all over him, on the other side of his mouth, years ago. We have no desire to depreciate Rodin or Mr. Sargent; they will take their right place—a very high place—in due course of time just as Whistler has taken his. But we do desire to protest against these ill-considered sneers and gibes against English artists, and the implied assumption that nothing good in the way of art can come out of this country. Historically it is an assumption that will not bear a moment's examination, and history in art, as in other spheres, is apt to repeat itself.

A council meeting of the Woman's National Anti-Suffrage League was held last Wednesday at the King's Hall, Covent Garden. The Countess of Jersey, who presided, said that:

Some women had tried to make them believe that the vast majority of women in this country desired the

franchise, but their experience tended to show that the vast majority resented the attempt to force such a burden on them. The vote was by no means a toy, and they did not want to give it to people to play with and to people who did not want it. She had known white, black, and yellow women, and if they had all done the work which was given to them to do to the best of their ability they would have had very little time to mix up with politics.

It is remarkable that even to this day those papers which profess to be the strongest opponents of Woman's Suffrage will give but little space and attention to the doings and sayings of the Woman's Anti-Suffrage League. Our report of Lady Jersey's speech is taken from the *Standard*, where we found it huddled away at the bottom of a column in a not very prominent part of the paper. Yet the *Standard* is commendably strong in its opposition to the Women's Suffrage Movement. Surely then it should make a point of giving more prominence to the proceedings of these ladies who at great cost and self-sacrifice are setting so splendid an example to their weaker sisters.

Any ignorant, coarse, ill-mannered and offensive old woman from the provinces has only got to come up to London waving an umbrella and yelling out "Votes for Women!" to be immediately accommodated with columns of notice in the Press, and to have the presentment of her hideous features reproduced in a thousand sheets to the detriment and dismay of his Majesty's lieges. But when a refined and noble lady, exercising an enormous influence for good in a sphere which comprehends all that is best in human society, comes forward and states the case for the other side she is fobbed off in the papers with a miserable little paragraph. There is no doubt whatever that if Lady Jersey cared to demean herself by limping about the streets with a banner or by writing a brainless book with a picture of herself for the frontispiece the *Standard* would be "right on to her" in less than no time, the *Daily Mail* would besiege her house for interviews, and the *Daily Telegraph* would blazon forth her features in "the largest circulation of any penny paper in England." We certainly think that Lady Jersey is heartily to be congratulated on the immunity from these pleasing attentions which she enjoys, but at the same time we think that those journals which support the cause she is so gallantly upholding might well make a point of seeing that the League of which she is the head should be assisted and encouraged in every possible way, and that modesty, decorum, and true womanliness should not be allowed to constitute a positive handicap to those who display them in their lives and in their words. Might it not be worth the while of one or other of our "great dailies" to assume, for once in a way, that the average reader is just as likely to be interested in a woman who behaves like a lady as in one who behaves like a beldam, a scold, or a shrew?

From the advertisement columns of the *Daily Mail* we call the following moving "tribute":

Dear Sirs,—Mr. Guy Thorne wishes me to write and tell you how extremely pleased he is with your new Ivelcon. Mr. Thorne is in the habit of taking a cup of soup every morning when writing his novels, and he prefers this new preparation of yours to anything else. Unlike so many articles which are advertised, Ivelcon really is what you claim for it, and your advertisements are, if anything, under-statements of its merits. Mr. Thorne finds it most stimulating and refreshing to his brain, while its flavour is really exquisite. He also thinks that its convenience and cheapness exceed anything else of the kind offered to the public.

This is obviously great business for the proprietors of the "new Ivelcon" as well as for Mr. Guy Thorne. Our readers will not be surprised to learn that the proprietors

of the "new Ivelcon" have formed an opinion of Mr. Guy Thorne which is almost as flattering as is Mr. Guy Thorne's opinion of their soup. "Does not" (they say) "the fact that Ivelcon has been found beneficial by one of our greatest living writers—a strenuous and powerful worker—prove that it would also be good for you?" Frankly we can't say on reflection that it does, but we are quite ready to admit that a few quarts of Ivelcon taken daily by Mr. Owen Seaman might prove beneficial to that gentleman. We recommend the matter to the attention of Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew. Meanwhile we shall confidently expect to hear that Mr. Guy Thorne, under the stimulating influence of Ivelcon, has produced another epoch-making work, even if he is not able to blossom forth under another alias. We have always wondered how Mr. Thorne managed so successfully to play the part of "three gentlemen at once." Ivelcon explains everything.

Reference to Mr. Guy Thorne naturally turns our thoughts to the Bishop of London, whose pulpit-puff of his favourite author is worthy to stand beside Mr. Guy Thorne's own efforts in that direction. This pleasant prelate, it is hardly necessary to say, is strenuously supporting the Archbishop of Canterbury in his efforts to deal a fatal and final blow to the Church Schools. The blessed word "compromise" was bound to make its unfailing appeal to the admirer of that great work "When it was Dark." On one point only is the worthy Bishop quite uncompromising, and that point is his determination to persist in his slanderous statements about the inhabitants of that portion of London which was favoured by his "midnight march." In the House of Lords on Wednesday last, during the discussion on the Licensing Bill, of which we need hardly say the Bishop is a most ardent admirer, he took the opportunity to repeat his statement that he had seen, on the night of the said "march," between 11.30 and 12.30, two or three hundred drunken people. This absurd statement has been proved by the testimony of numerous eye-witnesses, as well as by independent and careful investigation of the district, to be utterly false. We do not wish to accuse the Bishop of deliberately stating what he knows to be untrue, but we do say that his accusations are reckless and improper, and we remind him once more that he has been over and over again challenged to produce a tittle of evidence in support of them. He has simply ignored these challenges, and has gone on repeating his discredited story. There is nothing to prevent him from so doing; but if he imagines that his reputation is enhanced by such doubtful methods he indulges a very grave error. The law of libel protects individuals, and if the Bishop had mentioned by name or accurately described any single man or woman whom he professed to have seen in a drunken condition, he could have been brought to book and compelled either to justify his words or to pay the penalty; on the other hand, he is quite safe when he libels a whole district and persists in libelling it in the face of all evidence; and when, in spite of repeated requests from responsible people, he refuses to show any justification for his outrageous statements. In the certainty of that safety from the consequences of his words let him rest with what peace of mind he may.

We are sorry to learn, on the authority of our lively and well-conducted contemporary the *Isis*, that a new paper, called the *Oxford Socialist*, has made its appearance at Oxford. We are still more sorry to find that the *Isis* seems to take this portent quite calmly, and even benevolently. It remarks complacently that "its [the *Oxford Socialist's*] publication in a term that has already witnessed the independent formation of the Oxford University Women Suffrage Society is significant of the progress of opinion here." The only consolation that those who have long left Oxford days behind them can find in such circumstances is the reflection that the boy of twenty years or so who is a Socialist and a male Suffragette at Oxford

is pretty certain to be a Conservative and a sensible man of the world by the time he has reached years of discretion. There have always been Socialists and revolutionaries and firebrands among the undergraduates at Oxford, and there is no reason why there should not be. The qualities that go to produce these characters tone down in time, and a little revolt against convention in a youth is a good sign rather than a bad one. What strikes us as unhealthy is the acquiescence in these "advanced views" on the part of the solid mass of honest humdrum opinion of the whole undergraduate body, which should be represented by the *Isis*. In our day at Oxford Socialists were put under the pump, with the full approval of the *Isis*, and any one who had ventured to found a society for Women's Suffrage would have been pursued with fiery persecutions. There was some merit in calling oneself a "Socialist" in those circumstances, but nowadays apparently it leads to smug paragraphs which might have been written by one of the red-tied bleaters of the *New Age*. We shall refrain from saying *O tempora! O mores!* except in a perfectly Pickwickian sense, but all the same we are surprised at the *Isis*.

In the current issue of *John Bull* Mr. Horatio Bottomley gives prominence to an apology which appears to have been tendered him by certain printers. The printers in question assert that they have printed an article "derogatory" to Mr. Bottomley's "character and commercial integrity." They say that the article "escaped their notice in the pressure of business," they express their regret, and they have paid twenty pounds by way of damages to some fund nominated by Mr. Bottomley. It seems to us desirable in the circumstances, and in the public interest, that the following facts, which bear reference to this matter, should be made known. (1) Mr. Bottomley's writ against the printers of the aforesaid article was issued in Birmingham, though the printers have a London office and London works in which the paper containing the article was printed. (2) Nobody concerned in the production of the paper excepting the printer has been served with a writ, or even threatened with proceedings in the matter. (3) The editor of the paper, who is also the author of the article, is known to Mr. Horatio Bottomley, and Mr. Bottomley has not ventured to controvert, either in *John Bull* or elsewhere, a single word contained in the article. (4) The article was based for the most part on quotations from the Official Receiver's report upon Mr. Bottomley's conduct in connection with a certain company, and on Mr. Bottomley's rather too obvious attempts to lead the unthinking to imagine that he was about to be prosecuted because of his political principles.

John Bull also contains a long statement by Mr. Bottomley himself, the concluding words of which are as follows: "Readers, Friends, Constituents,—I am a strong man, accustomed to battle; but my heart, though I hope still brave, is very full—and I sorely need your help." It gives us no joy to witness the pain and fear of a fellow-creature, and although we cannot include ourselves in the category of Mr. Bottomley's "friends," we can assure him that if an innocent man he need neither howl for help nor lift up his voice and weep about the dreadfulness of his fate. Persons with clean hands need never be afraid of the law of England, even if they do happen to have voted against the Licensing Bill. So that Mr. Bottomley must take comfort and refrain from making an abject spectacle of himself.

In an article entitled "Mr. Long's Post Card," which appeared in these columns last week, we inadvertently printed the name of Mr. Wells in place of that of Mr. Wales. Neither of these gentlemen has complained of our lapse, but we feel that it is due to both of them to explain that we did not print "Wells" for "Wales" deliberately. Mr. Wells even at his worst is scarcely a pornographic writer, just as Mr. Wales at his best is very small potatoes in the important department of metaphysics.

THE END

I know that our fair rose was slain last night :
 She is become a ruinous, delicate wraith,
 And now she gives her perfumes up to Death ;
 No longer may she shine in the sweet light,
 Or drink the dewy darkness ; for the might
 That breaks the hearts of kings and staggereth
 Bold men, hath borne her down. "Take me," she saith
 Unto the old, dead roses, red and white.
 So, dearest, when the ultimate foul dun
 And crawling knave into our hand shall thrust
 His figure of accout and greedy fine
 For our poor gladness underneath the sun,
 I shall come laughing to your gentle dust,
 Or you will come like balm to comfort mine.

T. W. H. C.

A PROGRAMME FOR THE PREMIER

By the time this article appears in print the Lords will have definitely rejected the Prime Minister's preposterous Licensing Bill. For months past Mr. Asquith and his place-hunting colleagues have been prodigal with threats as to what they would do if the Lords threw out this Bill. At Bristol the other day Mr. Birrell said: "If the House of Lords stands between the people and their passionate desire for sobriety and temperance, let their blood be upon their own heads." So that we may take it that Mr. Birrell, at any rate, will now proceed to imbrue his hands in blue gore. Mr. Lloyd George, on the other hand, has contented himself with promising the Lords "a football match." And it would seem that in point of fact the Lords have taken the opportunity of kicking Mr. Asquith's ball over the goal-posts immediately it was introduced to their notice. If Mr. Lloyd George now wishes to play football with the Lords, he will have to go forth and blow up another ball, for the Licensing ball is now effectually disposed of. And, to come to Mr. Asquith's own pronouncement on the subject, it is to be noted that he has more than once explained that the Government "staked its political reputation and its political existence on the fight." Well, the Government has staked and lost; the die is cast against it, the Lords have played their ace, and nothing now remains but that Mr. Asquith should pay his wager like a man. We consider the situation to be entirely favourable for Mr. Asquith, and not at all the blow which he may imagine it to be. Politically the action of the Lords may be said to constitute the finest chance he ever had in his life. Against certain members of Mr. Asquith's Ministry, as against Mr. Asquith himself, there has always been the suspicion of insincerity, self-seeking and salary and pension hunting. Until the other day the majority of Mr. Asquith's colleagues were plain, plodding, undistinguished men, without fortune or influence, and, for the most part, occupied in the professions of the law or journalism. One of them was a paid agitator, living on a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds a year, doled out to him by a Trade Union; another was a Welsh solicitor of no particular note in his business; a third had a job—and a badly paid job—at the Liberal Publication Department; and a fourth was a young man who had tried his hand at most things, including Toryism, without much success. At the present moment these gentlemen wear buckles on their shoes, and every month a man comes round from the Treasury and hands them wads of bank-notes for being Cabinet Ministers. They are entitled to be called Right Honourable, and, with the solitary exception of Mr. John Burns,

they have gone to live in castles. Some of them are even doing rather well by speculation on the Stock Exchange. Meanwhile they look forward to Cabinet Ministers' pensions, which in the eyes of poor men, such as themselves were a brief summer or two back, are fairly fat and substantial allowances. It is obvious that if these gentlemen had conducted the affairs of the country after the manner of statesmen they would stand a good chance of being allowed to remain in office until pension-time came round. As it is, there is not a single plough whereto they have put their hand which does not now lie derelict and dreary in its sandy furrow. They have dabbled with education, and made a scandalous mess of it. They have tinkered with the finances of the country, and put them into hopeless confusion. They have laid predatory claws upon the rich, with the result that they are driving capital out of the country. They have passed an old-age pension scheme, which they hope to maintain by robbing hen-roosts. They have demoralised the Army and starved the Navy. They have put the country to huge loss with a Licensing Bill which they knew from the outset could not pass the Lords, and they are still in the throes of concocting a Bill which will have the almighty effect of empowering policemen to pull cigarettes out of little boys' mouths. It is unfortunate, perhaps, but the fact nevertheless remains, that in none of these matters have they been able to show a convincingly honest intention. About the whole of their proposals there has always been a flavour not altogether satisfactory to the unsophisticated mouth. When they have said we will do this, that, or the other for the country, nobody doubts that by the country they have made a point of meaning themselves and the sects, and not the country at all.

And now they stand defeated, discredited, and humiliated, still fat in the carcase, it is true, but eaten up with Suffragitis, Socialism, Secularism, Faddism, and kindred parasitical affections. The commonest man in the street perceives that there is something wrong about them. He cannot bring himself to regard them at all as rulers. He shrugs when by chance you print or say Right Honourable before their names. He wonders in his dull way how they came to be placed where they are, and what in the name of goodness it is that they are endeavouring to accomplish. Mr. Asquith no doubt believes in himself and Mr. Birrell and Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. John Burns. He believes that himself and these gentlemen are honest and capable statesmen, and that it is good for England that they should have the handling of her high affairs. Place and income are nothing to Mr. Asquith, and as for pensions, he is entirely above the thought of them. He is an honest, enlightened, fair, square, and above-board Prime Minister, and his colleagues partake of his excellence and reflect his shining and untarnished worth. This much being granted, he is now in a position to ascertain by the simplest, justest, and fairest of all means whether the electors of England are disposed to accept him at his own high and, it may be, justifiable valuation. Let him go to the country—let him pay his wager. Let him arrange what is called a platform; let him exhibit thereon his ghastly assemblage of slaughtered innocents, done to death by the cruel and bloodthirsty Lords; let him flash his five-shilling pieces for the aged; let him put the Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr. Clifford on the stump together to convince the people that the Church Schools belong by good right to Dr. Clifford; let him send forth those two white doves Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill with sprigs of German olive in their mouths; and let him fill the streets with parades of property-men in plaster coronets, drawn drunk on ambulances by Bacchus and his pards. And if the people whom he so loves will send him back to Parliament then indeed we shall know him for the saviour of his country, and a minister who is as chaste as ice and as pure as snow. But even though he have now at his command the finest electioneering slogan that a Progressive, Socialistic, humanitarian, Nonconformist politician could wish for, namely, "Down with the House of Lords," Mr. Asquith will not go to the country. His debt of honour will remain

unpaid, himself and his salary-snatchers will remain steadfastly on their plump cushions. We believe that Miss Marie Corelli is credited with the maintenance of a little dog whose business in life is to tear and mangle unfavourable notices of her fictional works. And the great Liberal, teetotal, mob-worshipping Government must now solemnly resolve itself into a sort of bogus Commons, whose function it is to prepare, at enormous expense, bogus Bills for sure destruction by the Watchdogs of the Upper Chamber.

MR. PUNCH'S ADVERTISEMENTS

To Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew and Mr. Owen Seaman we offer our opinion of them. From Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew, who are tradesmen, one must not expect better than the conduct of tradesmen, and apparently it is even so in the case of Mr. Owen Seaman, who is a member of the Savile Club, not to mention "the Bath, Leander, and Queen's." Such a distinguished editor as Mr. Seaman is no doubt a Triton among the minnows who disport themselves, say, at the Bath, but the minnows may now set it down in their tablets that their Triton is capable of printing low and baseless insinuations, and preserving of doggish, stony, and fishlike silence when he is requested to justify. It may be of course that it is Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew who have prevented Mr. Seaman from defending himself, whether in *Punch* or by letter, from the charge we brought against him last week. On the other hand, it may be his profound sense of humour which has caused him to shut down like an oyster and to remain ignominiously dumb. Or, again, it may be that he is afraid. We can understand, or as who should say, comprehend and appreciate each of these possibilities; but whichever of them is nearest the truth, Mr. Seaman is still left in an undignified and foolish position, and being, as he would have us believe, a very finished and perfect gentleman, his sufferings are not to be envied.

Meanwhile let us pass to other and more cheerful game. *Punch* for November 25th is a really creditable issue—from the advertisement point of view. It lies before us in all its glory, and we note with pained surprise that while it contains just as many pages of invitations to the waltz as did the issue of November 18th, Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew have dropped out of their pathetic "please-take-notice-that-what-we-lack-in-wit-we-make-up-for-in-wisdom (or advertisements)" announcement. We note also, to our extreme horror, that there is not a single publisher's advertisement in the whole issue. Messrs. Richards, Heinemann, and Duckworth have evidently not proffered to rise to the occasion twice, besides which Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew may conceivably have discovered that one of the books advertised by Mr. Grant Richards last week and another one advertised by Mr. Heinemann are not exactly suited for perusal in the middle-class nursery and the free public library where *Punch* is so conned and thumbled and welcomed—because of the pictures. But if anybody wishes to derive threepennyworth of real amusement from the current issue of Mr. Seaman's funereal effort it is a simple matter. There are the advertisement pages, numbered respectively i., ii., iii., iv., v., and vi. A man is known by the company he keeps, and a newspaper may be known by the advertisements it gets. The common English advertiser is a person who possesses views. They are rough-and-ready, rule-of-thumb views, and, summed up, they amount to this: "Advertise in the 'medium' which circulates among the kind of people for whom your goods are especially suited." The opinion of the advertiser about most journals is, on the whole, fairly sound. When he wishes to advertise birettas he does not rush round to the *Sporting Times* any more than he would dream of offering a wonderful line in diadems in the *Ironmonger*. So that it comes to pass that, without looking at the literary or other contents of any given journal, the intelligent may discover from its advertisement

columns pretty well the exact character and dispositions of its readers. Considered from this point of view, we say *Punch* is a really amusing and laughersome publication. Its advertisements go to show that the readers of *Punch* are believed to suffer from the following complaints: Baldness, Obesity, Freckles, Redness and Roughness of the Neck, Asthma and Hay Fever, Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Glandular Swellings, Blood Poison, Blotches, Pimples, Sores . . . and Blood Diseases of every description. Not only so, but they are greatly troubled with costiveness, and they are absolutely devoted to Old Bushmills, Cambus Whisky, Allenbury's Food, Hovenden's Hair Curler, Scrubbs' Ammonia, and two brands of Rat Poison. Remedies for the whole of the diseases we have instanced are advertised in Mr. Punch's current number. So are the whiskies, the rat-poisons, the hair-curler, and the ammonia; while of other kinds of advertisements the paper is practically devoid. Oh, Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew! Oh, Mr. Owen Seaman! Oh, Mr. E. V. Lucas (of the inspiring Sign of the Flying Pig)! Oh, gentle, gentle Comic Spirit! Oh, excellent shade of William Makepeace Thackeray!

We have been told in many a useful paragraph that Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew are about to hold a "*Punch* Exhibition." We can well imagine that stupid people from the provinces will flock to this show, assisted by cheap railway tickets, and stare open-mouthed at, say, a cast-off waistcoat of Mr. Seaman's, a wicker reticule as carried by Mr. Lucy, the long-clothes worn by Mr. Lucas as a baby in arms, the leg-bone of a chicken rescued from beneath the round table by Mr. —, and a few cigarette-ends still damp from the lips of a contributor at Peckham. But if Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew are fully to embrace the commercial opportunities of the situation they will surely include among their exhibits samples of the hair grown by the use of advertisers' restorers, samples of the noses made red by the use of advertisers' whiskies, samples of the sore legs made whole by the use of advertisers' blood-purifiers, and samples of the rats killed stone dead (and out of their holes) by advertisers' "virus." We shall go to this exhibition and pay cheerfully the price of admission. Furthermore, we will contribute £50 to the *Punch* Dinner Fund if Mr. Bradbury or Mr. Agnew or Mr. Seaman or Mr. Lucas will read aloud at this Exhibition twice daily certain passages from certain books which have been advertised in Mr. Punch's columns during the past three months. This is a solemn offer of a useful sum of money. It would go a long way in beer for the Round Table, which beer might be provocative of wit even in the slow mind of Mr. Seaman, to say nothing of the reach-meadow intellectuality of Mr. Lucas. And if Mr. Seaman wishes to reciprocate in kindly and brotherly fashion, we will undertake to send to this same *Punch* Exhibition an ordinary come-day go-day member of the staff of THE ACADEMY who shall write verses against him for a wager by the rod, pole, or perch, and beat him every time, not only as regards speed, but as regards flow of wit, metrical finish, and nobility of conception—particularly nobility of conception; the subject or subjects concerned to be named by the first man who enters the Exhibition in a white hat, and the winning verses to be those which send the author of "Discursions" into fits of laughter the greater number of times. The only subject we bar, of course, is "Autumn."

To come to serious issues, we have considered the condition and position of *Punch* most carefully, and we conclude with sorrow that it becomes less and less of a witty or comic paper, and that it is rapidly reaching the end of its literary tether. Apart from its illustrations, the greater number of which sustain the old tradition, *Punch* is really an effete organ. There is nobody writing for it who possesses any proper or authentic gift of humour. Its ponderous and elaborate jokes are all made to pattern out of the sweat and labour of the manufacturers, and they smell of a lamp which is both short in the wick and low in the oil. Its staff of elderly and middle-aged gentlemen who conceive themselves wags and jesters are, in point of

fact, tired, ineffective, despairing hack-writers, who have been in the mill so long that their outlook is that of the gin-mule, and their method that of the ark. There is no young brilliance, no "boy" as it were, and even no *enfant terrible* to top them up, and the consequence is that taking it week by week, and always saving and excepting the pictures, *Punch* is as dull and as flat and as sesquipedalian, and as clumsy, and as stupid, and as cheap as the letterpress on greengrocers' bags. We believe that any ordinary journalist, with a few thousand pounds capital, could start a comic paper at threepence which would knock *Punch* into the seven seas within a year's time. It is the boast of the fumbling nonentities who proudly call themselves contributors to *Punch* or members of the staff of *Punch* that all attempts to found a rival to the London Charivari have failed. In point of fact this is true, but it is not by any means such a comforting circumstance as the proprietors of *Punch* might imagine. The dead rivals to *Punch* have been for the most part one-man papers, and hurriedly conceived. Furthermore, none of them has deliberately set itself out to compete seriously with *Punch* on its own lines. Each of them has had some sort of axe to grind, some sort of fad to pursue, or some sort of "new idea" to exploit, and we do not remember to have heard that any of them was ever started on reasonably sufficient, much less ample, funds, or that any of them set out with a nobler ideal than the prompt capture of the groundlings. Of course *Punch* itself has found it necessary to descend to some of the levels of *Scraps* and *Comic Cuts*, but it does this because it lacks the capacity for reasonable humour, and because, as we have said, there is nobody writing for it who is not "yawny" and "tired." At the present moment the best one can say for it is that it amounts to a mere parody of its contemporaries, and a by no means competent parody at that. It should be an easy thing consequently to improve upon it. Many of the cheaper journals do in fact improve upon it in the matter of essential humour, though they are let down by vulgarity and smartness.

We believe that not many months will elapse before Mr. Punch will be put to a proper and drastic trial of his supposed strength and of his supposed hold upon the English mind. That he has a following of bald-headed, whisky-drinking, sore-legged, rat-run admirers is evident from his advertisement columns; but to the cultivated British public at large he is merely an unsatisfactory and unedifying tradition. Our prophecy about him is that he is doomed to come into line with the pennyworths, and that the Harmsworth octopus—which has already had a meal or two off his hump—will probably have him body and soul before he is five years older. This is not to say that *Punch* is an unprofitable or unremunerative undertaking at the present moment, or that its advertisements and sales have not increased under the present ægis. But consider the nature of those advertisements, and consider what manner of mind it is that can cull delight from Mr. Punch's letterpress, and you will conclude, as we have concluded, that *Punch*, as the representative of the true comic spirit of cultivated England, is something in the nature of what Miss Marie Lloyd would describe as "a thing of the past, old dear."

LAW AND SUFFRAGETTES

THERE is one consideration which is worth urging to those more reasonable people who seem disposed to make concessions to the clamorous women who are demanding votes. Many worthy persons are disposed to concede almost anything for the sake of peace; and the instinct of most of us is to favour women in every possible way, rather than to deny and defeat them. But there is an aspect of the case which has escaped the fair politicians of the sheltered life who wish to be consulted in the making of our laws and to determine them. This is the fact that their conception of what a law really is needs to be greatly enlarged. When women, or some rather clamorous and

indelicate women, shout in our ears that they wish to go halves in the making of laws, they mean that they want to decide which lobby should be filled and which empty on a division. They want to have things passed by two Houses, countersigned by King Edward, called Acts, printed, published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode and sold by sheets to the curious. That is what they mean by laws. But collections of propositions and imperatives, even when printed upon the correct paper in the customary type, named statutes and retailed as such, are hardly worthy of being called laws unless there is a great deal more about them. For instance, there are such enactments, which command people to go to church under pain of a fine of one shilling per head per Sunday. There are certain statutes which allow force to be applied to disobedient and recalcitrant wives in a most undignified way. Are these things laws? They are hardly laws in the sense in which Suffragists wish to make laws. We call them obsolete, and that blessed word is supposed to account for everything. It only means that they are counter to custom. Then it appears that what we call custom is a force, and a powerful force, so powerful indeed that it checkmates the enactments of Kings and Parliaments and makes them to be of none effect. A law must plainly be something more than a thing which two Houses are coaxed, bullied, bribed, or swindled into carrying, even when there is a royal autograph about it into the bargain. It has two other factors about it before it has any vital force—an executive and an inner approval of the race. A statute does not execute itself. The executive bodies are far more numerous than the legislative, and, as far as giving effect to a law, far more important. Will the women who shout and pay for shouts and who organise silly demonstrations to get a share in the legislature be also prepared to take an equal share in the executive? They have no such ambitions. On the contrary they want judges, pleaders, clerks, magistrates, ushers, police, mayors, sheriffs, infantry, cavalry, artillery, special constables, beadles, dustmen, tram-conductors, macadamites, postmen, town-criers, bumbailiffs, and process-servers to be placed at their disposal. They are to command, men are to obey. Even if the third condition of a living law could be attained, if the enactment could command some tacit approval and awake no overt opposition in the race, they coolly propose to handle the helm of the State by turns with the men, but to leave the stoking, engineering, seamanship, repairing, and organising of the rest of the ship to the mere males. Even this is too roseate a view of their demands. They are in a considerable majority. They would keep the helm in their hands exclusively, and so far from it resulting in a compact upon equal terms, the silly and gallant sex who allowed them this sovereignty would abdicate everything except the right to serve. Theirs not to question why, theirs but to do and scuttle the ship of State at the bidding of the lawless and unreasonable creatures who know nothing and care less for the heritage of tried and proved customs which have slowly taken sacramental shape in statutes, and for the trained body of public opinion upon which it rests. A statute passed by the feminine vote, if such a spectral horror could ever get itself so far embodied, would, if distasteful to the Executive, and, still more, if distasteful to the greater body of men concerned, be a mere pious resolution of an august debating society. It would be merely academic. But what is even worse, it would bring into contempt the legislative body which accepted it, the Executive which blocked it, and the nation which disallowed it. Of course, if with open eyes and bowed heart we intend to hand over a complicated civilisation which elaborately protects women to be reformed or dissolved by aspirants of this calibre, if men intend to abdicate and fall back upon the uncivilised powers which Nature has given them, let us do so deliberately. It is to despair of the social order, and to revert to our original anarchy. If this is what we mean, let us do so boldly and intelligently; but to reduce the whole body of English law to the foolish condition of the Prohibitionist fiasco of Maine, to allow the Legislature to part company with the Executive,

is a clumsy and tedious way of effecting our purpose. The silly constituencies which chose female mayors, just on the eve of a distressful winter, may give us an unhappy object-lesson in this direction. If the unemployed break the peace, as seems rather likely, and the lady who has coveted the fur and the chain be called upon to read the Riot Act, the contempt into which our sentimental gallantry has brought the law will be written in ugly characters upon our public streets. Imagine the fair dame. She has been greeted with squeaky cheers from the ladies' colleges. She has been photographed and collotyped and zincographed to her great glory in all the cheaper papers. She has looked imposing in her robes, and even majestic. Then comes the event of stress and strain. The borough police are driven in. The county police have lost their helmets and their heads. Glass is smashed. There are nasty rushes. A couple of shops are looted. The infantry are in readiness, and the poor lady is brought forth and asked to read the Riot Act. She has it ready in her muff. It trembles in her gloved-hand. The crowd jeers. No one knows if she is reading it or not. Hesitation means more than mischief. The wire entanglements lately used at Belfast are being got ready. Bricks, shot-guns, revolvers, and old sabres are being collected. The Mayor has fainted. Her stays are being unlaced and smelling-salts are applied to her nostrils. Does any man with the slightest experience of street brawls doubt about the sequel? A mob in possession with its blood up can only be reduced to order by incidents which will go down to history as the So-and-so Massacre. A weak executive, a hysterical executive, causes what should be a matter of a few broken heads to develop into a bloody and murderous struggle. If a brawling borough produces such tragedies, what may not an exasperated people do? If law is initiated by justice, it is supported by consent and maintained by force. To play with it, or to misunderstand it, is to evoke primal forces which cannot be either played with or misunderstood, and in those forces feminine influence is an almost negligible quantity. To think that this influence is dominant, or to act as if it were dominant, is play-acting, and rather poor play-acting to boot.

MAKE-BELIEVE

THE poet, philosopher, or physician who is discovered on all-fours in the nursery playing at Red Indians with a small boy has no need to be ashamed; and when he has been duly scalped and pushed into the wigwam of the hypothetical warrior amid the cheers of the admiring but diminutive squaw, and is permitted to return to the more pressing affairs—as he considers them—of his desk, it may occur to him that he has been assisting in the development of one of the most delightful sciences in the world—the science of Make-Believe. Inseparable from the children, who are its most serious, if unconscious, students, it recurs in after years in the form of castle-building, sometimes with the most incongruous and disconcerting surroundings. In such a connection one thinks inevitably of Hawthorne, gentlest of mystics, measuring coals at Boston Custom-house. He had the quiet apprehensions of the dreamer, the sudden lucidities when, as it were, a veil falls, and the blood gathers warm about the heart with awe, with strange knowledge of powers unseen. For dreaming is only another sort of Make-Believe, and the dreamer is always more or less of a child; he appreciates the fact that there is a legitimate absurdity behind the most imperturbable things. We have not to look far for the name of the finest exponent of this who ever lived—Lewis Carroll. There are, we believe, severely practical persons who remain unsmitten by the wanderings and wonderings of Alice. We remember a mature little dame of eleven years, to whom we innocently presented a copy of that immortal fantasy. She commented solemnly some weeks afterward, when next we met her, that she “didn’t much care for it, because it couldn’t really have happened; and it was so silly.” Confronted by such a criticism one

can only retreat abashed into one's shell and move off as gracefully as possible, since it would be difficult to explain satisfactorily that all authors are engaged in support of this beautiful pursuit of Make-Believe. There is no essential difference between playing Crusoe with a toy-boat and a tub of water and identifying oneself with the real adventures of some famous traveller or the fictitious adventures of a hero of romance; and the successful writer is the writer who most cleverly produces the requisite illusion, the self-effacement, the sense of having, while in one's chair by the fire, visited foreign lands and held converse with people before unknown. All through life, from the games of childhood up to the appreciation of eternal and sacred symbols, we are busy with that splendid and sometimes desperate pretence, seeing in things temporal and ephemeral the likeness of things spiritual and permanent. The roar and the glow and the meanness and the mirth of the world are part of the vision—a splash of the painter's brush, a corner of the immense picture, the picture into which somehow "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" have found their way.

"The most glorious fact of our experience," wrote Thoreau, "is not anything we have done or may hope to do, but a transient thought, or vision, or dream that we have had." When the poet realises that, he can set us at those "magic casements" from which we may view with him the slow parting of the mists that shut off the music and the light of faery lands. When the artist interprets it, he can perform the ever-wondrous miracle of transforming the mere mess of colours on his palette into some landscape of dreams, some face with haunting eyes that have in them we know not what mystery of life. When the writer understands it, words take upon themselves a quality and meaning which otherwise they would not possess, just as in a letter from an intimate friend we read a thousand unexpressed thoughts that no stranger could find, or as an inanimate article, a book, an ornament, belonging to a lost loved one will fill a room with the sense of his or her presence.

To reduce life to hard facts, and to attempt the task of living rightly by one's ability to arrange and value those facts, is to view the universe very one-sidedly—or rather, to view such a moderate portion of it that any sane comprehension of the purposes which brought the facts into being becomes impossible. The "primrose by the river's brim" that remains to us merely a primrose has not done us much good; the curled autumn leaf floating down the stream has floated in vain for the careless eye; the hurrying wind that seethes through the forest is nothing to the uninterested ear. Let us pretend. Pretend that the primrose is a tiny fairy face, trembling in surprise at such a beautiful world, and that the river is bringing as it eddies and twinkles past the solitary flower whispers from other fairies farther up the wood, out of sight. Pretend that the curled, brown leaf is a fairy boat, manned by a crew of merry sprites, bound on some queenly errand from Titania's Court, held in a ferny hollow that mortals have never seen. Pretend that the wind in the trees is roaring lusty, good-humoured messages from comrades half a county away, and that the bluff old oaks gasp and creak out their breathless replies, while the slim young pines sway silently and listen to the long, soft surge above them. Pretend that the whole forest is enchanted, and that if we were but a trifle more educated in the sounds and sighs echoing all round us we should cross at will the line between ourselves and the land of dreams.

The curious and altogether delightful part about this irresistible game of Make-Believe is that it is impossible to prove that we are wrong. If our eyes had command of a few more vibrations at either edge of their range, we might see Puck seated astride this very branch

Doffing his cap, which was an acorn's cup, with Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed in close attendance; while if we could only comprehend a few more tones we might hear them joking us upon the

objectionable solemnity of human beings, and advising us to mend our ways. A pretty lecturing some of us would get—and deserve.

If we have lost this art of pretending, as too many of us are liable to do in these days of facts and figures, we must go back to the children again and learn of them—gently, patiently, sincerely, for with all their wistfulness they are a little suspicious of grown-up people. We shall find that we have been losing sight of the vision behind the reality; that the fact is often but the door to the dream; that romance is everywhere, a shelter from the stress of modernism:

A veil to draw 'twixt God, His law,
And man's infirmity;

and that "if we let Romance go, we exchange a sky for a ceiling." If we allow ourselves thus to be taught, we shall hold the power of resolving many of the deep discords and dissonances of life into harmonies complete and beautiful; our region of Make-Believe will be full of music, and there will be fewer souls of men like that of Lassalle, "a mighty cathedral organ foully handled in the night by demons." By all the means in our power let us, with our wider experience, get near to the child and his dreaming; let us laugh with the wind and sun, sorrow with the rain, understand the flowers and the fairies. Let us, in short, make-believe.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

THE new *English Review* is an English Review which we should certainly not wish to incorporate with THE ACADEMY. The first number is before us, and if we see the twelfth we will endeavour to get somebody to eat it. To all intents and purposes it may be counted as a fat Socialist monthly, and as the price is half-a-crown, and the Socialistic idea of art is something that can be had for a penny, we imagine that our blue infant, with the name which probably does not belong to it, is likely to be a good deal more borrowed than bought. The "directing mind" of the venture, after weeks of ponderous planning, has succeeded in bringing under one cover work from the hands of Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. W. H. Hudson, Count Tolstoy, and Mr. H. G. Wells. Heaven alone knows what enormous cheques the "directing mind" has found it necessary to issue in order that the services of such a galaxy might be compassed; but as you can read the lucubrations of Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Wells, Mr. Hudson, and even Mr. Joseph Conrad in publications ranging in price from a penny to sixpence the gingerbread proffered to us may appear to be a trifle wanting in gilt. We are of opinion that the "directing mind" might really have done a great deal better at the price, but as his powers have no doubt been heavily taxed in a vain endeavour to think of an original title for his half-a-crown's worth, we must, perhaps, not take No. 1 as a full example of the fruits of his rich and ripe mentality. Anybody with a cheque-book could have done what Mr. Hueffer has done with respect to No. 1 of the *English Review* number two, and, as has been proved over and over again, the mere possession of a cheque-book does not make good editing.

Mr. Hueffer's plum takes the shape of a ballad by Mr. Thomas Hardy, who, of course, is a poet—though he lighted on Parnassus late in life—and who proves himself again to be a poet in this ballad. The curious part about Mr. Hardy's verses is that they are dated "January, 1904;" so that they were written pretty well five years ago. Of itself, perhaps, this is a fact of small moment. It is not an uncommon thing for poets to withhold their work from publication for a lustrum or so; particularly when they happen to find difficulty in discovering a publisher. We have every respect for Mr. Hardy's ballad as a piece of technique, and

as an exercise in the ballad form, but we should not be at all surprised if the truth about it is that, though Mr. Hardy completed it in January, 1904, he has not been able to find an editor who would print it till he came across Mr. Hueffer. We consider that Mr. Hardy's choice of a theme has been most unfortunate. Ballads have been written in England (and Scotland) at varying periods in our literary history which have not been over nice in the matter of subject, but it has remained for Mr. Thomas Hardy to outdo in this respect some of the coarsest of them. His subject is an indelicate subject, and we cannot recollect that any English poet has hitherto so far forgot himself as to draw it out of its unsavoury darkness and pretend that it was a fit subject for any sort of verse. Of course Mr. Hardy and Mr. Hueffer will contend that the ballad has a moral, and is consequently on the side of the angels; but we should imagine that the angels do not at all require such ballads on their side. The whole effect of the thing is deplorable. If it happens that Mr. Thomas Hardy has a few more sets of verses on similar subjects to work off, we trust that the "directing mind" will steer clear of them. There are deeps in the mud of life which a poet ought not to stir up, and which an editor certainly should not bring to the notice of his readers. For the rest of the "directing mind's" pearls, they may pass muster as the moderate work of fairly middling authors.

It is not till we come to the "editorial" portions of the "directing mind's" budget that we commence to be reasonably entertained. To quote the "directing mind's" own words, it seems that:

The Editorial is written by various members of the editorial staff, whose initials are appended to their various contributions. We print also, and shall continue to print, in the editorial section communications from various writers who will write as they please, either informal notes on subjects of the day that interest them or more studied articles upon political or diplomatic topics. The main section of the Review is devoted strictly to *Belles-lettres*. The reviews of books will be by contributors to the main section of the Review, those contributors writing about the books that most interest them.

This is bright on the part of an editor who wishes his Review to be considered *inter alia* as a "protest" against the "crispness" of modern journalistic writing. So is the following from a review of Mr. Swinburne's "Age of Shakespeare" by a Mr. Schücking:

The articles on a series of the most important contemporaries of Shakespeare, which are collected in this volume, are written for the literary epicure. They do not inform us about details. We should read this book after having carefully studied the dramatic works with which it deals. In its place we shall have the same extreme pleasure it affords to go walking round the Salon on Varnishing Day with a great and knowing painter. For the author of this book has the delightful ingenuousness towards the past which is to be found in artists only and which is lost long since, as a rule, with historians. It sounds like a paradox, but it is nothing of the sort, to say that the charm of this historical work consists in the author's not being in any way a historian.

The general illiteracy of this passage would render a fourth-form schoolboy sure of a thrashing. Perhaps the "directing mind" passed it with a view to the avoidance of "crispness." For ourselves we are tempted to cry, in the manner of *Punch*, schücking, schücking, schücking! That phrase about "a great and knowing painter" is worth a wilderness of monkeys.

We quite recognise the difficulties of Mr. Hueffer's position. Through a failure of originality in the matter of his title he has virtually appropriated to himself the brilliant

tradition of the authentic *English Review*, which he did not edit and to which he did not contribute. He will not find it easy to live up to that tradition, particularly as he is now committed to Mr. Wells (who is Pearson's man), and to Count Tolstoy, who is anybody's man. Our advice is that he should ponder over his file of the real *English Review* and take to heart the many useful lessons which are to be derived from it. There was poetry enough in the *English Review* and good writing enough to supply any gentleman of Mr. Hueffer's calibre with a firm basis for the formation of a passable editorial taste. Having looked at our title and found it desirable, he could scarcely be considered to outrage his sense of what is fitting if he did his best to emulate our other creditable qualities.

The *New Age* is asking for £3,300 for the purpose of continuing the war. The public is to find the money, and the proprietors of the *New Age* and the New Age Press are to spend it in the prosecution of their joint undertakings. We gather from Mr. Orage's prospectus that in January of the present year the circulation of the paper was 4,000 copies. For the week ending October 24th the number of copies "circulated was considerably over 16,000." It would be interesting to know if "circulated" means "actually sold." Because, if it does, we must congratulate the *New Age*. But if the paper is selling 16,000 copies weekly, and the advertisement revenue amounts to anything like the advertisement revenue which should be derived from such a circulation, the *New Age* ought not to be in need of money at all. It is a cheap paper to produce, consisting only of twenty pages, and Mr. Orage has already informed us that his staff of "intellectuals" and "stalwarts" "fire in" their contributions more or less gratuitously. We are really of opinion that it would be a bad thing for the *New Age* to get money; inasmuch as it is a hundred to one that when the aforesaid "intellectuals" and "stalwarts" come to a knowledge of the fact that Mr. Orage has a credit of £3,000 at the bank they will rise as one man and demand stiff figures for their lucubrations. One volunteer is worth two hired men, Mr. Orage, and wonderfully cheaper. We should strongly advise the proprietors of the *New Age* and the New Age Press to continue their courses without the assistance of outside finance. Many a promising venture has been utterly ruined by ill-advised importations of capital. When a paper is poor, or, at any rate, has to depend upon its own finance, there are all sorts of chances for it; when it becomes bloated with £3,000 of outside money, fatty degeneration is apt to set in. Your staff begins to sniff at the skate with black butter and the shilling medoc with which you regale it in Soho, and it has a way of rushing you into the Savoy and demanding ortolans, dry champagne, and old brandy. Your manager discovers that he must get a new silk hat and go about in taxicabs. Your printer pushes up the overtime. Your paper-merchant cannot do that line at a 1½d. any more. Your agents want better terms, and even the billsticker thinks that the time has arrived when his services should be suitably rewarded. There is nothing like poverty for papers of the stamp of the *New Age*, and we consider that our contemporary's financial proposals constitute a very suitable opportunity for the investor to button up his pockets and explain that he is not a d—d Socialist. Besides, what will happen to the *New Age* shareholders "when the revolution comes"?

Mr. Arthur Humphreys, of the "historic firm of Hat-chards," has been unfolding himself to an *Evening Standard* interviewer. It is singular that the last man in the world who can talk sensibly about books is the average bookseller. Mr. Humphreys is no exception to the rule. For example, he told the gaping *Evening Standard* gentleman that the book-buying public have rebelled "against every form of dulness." "The long-winded man is no good at all," he continues. "The best sales are for men like G. W. E. Russell, John Galsworthy, G. K. Chesterton,

Arthur Benson, and Frank Richardson." Was there ever such a collocation of diverse authors? Excepting that every one of them is long-winded or nothing, the gentlemen named are absolutely devoid of anything in common in the way of literary stock-in-trade. Besides, who in the name of goodness, are the "men like" G. W. E. Russell, John Galsworthy, G. K. Chesterton, Arthur Benson, and Frank Richardson? And if the people who buy books have rebelled against every form of dulness, how comes it that they purchase the efforts of Mr. Frank Richardson, known commonly as the Whisker King? It seems but yesterday that Mr. Richardson was at Bexhill or some similarly fashionable resort, judging what he is pleased to call "face-moss" at a male beauty competition. How can a man with such a soul write other than dull books? And as for Mr. Chesterton and wind—long or short—his likes have surely never existed. Mr. Humphreys no doubt knows his own business in the sense that he is in a position to sum up at night how many copies of any given book he happens to have sold by day, but we should imagine that is about the end of him. If his opinion of what the book-buying public want be correct, we are very sorry for the book-buying public.

The fact is that the modern bookseller is all for sales and literature well lost. He is a bookseller in the strict and literal sense of the term, and there is no advertising, stupidity-mongering boom-making publisher with whom he is not always ready to enter into a conspiracy to shove certain publications down his customers' throats. With our own ears we have heard a bookseller's assistant recommend "Miss Corelli's new work" to a lady who had enquired for "The Love Sonnets of Proteus," which the bookseller "hadn't got." Indeed, one cannot nowadays spend five minutes in a bookseller's shop without being reminded of the grocer's boy, who explained that "We are out of strawberry jam, but we have got some very good mouse-traps." We do not wish to suggest that Mr. Humphreys' far-famed book lounge is an establishment of this kind, but if he imagines that the works of Mr. Gilbert Chesterton and Mr. Galsworthy, not to mention Mr. Frank Richardson, are in any way connected with a proper taste in literature, we submit that he is no judge.

On children's books Mr. Humphreys is reported to have been really funny. This is what the *Evening Standard* puts down to his credit on the subject:

In children's books . . . he noticed also a wonderful development. Children used to be depicted as their pious mothers though they ought to be; now we represent them actually as they were. There was nothing more remarkable in the history of books, he declared, than this improvement in children's literature!!!

Haphazard we pick up a "Picture Book for Boys and Girls," published by Messrs. Ward Lock, and no doubt sold by Mr. Humphreys. We open quite by accident on page 17, whereon we find verses entitled "Mixed Bathing." (See coloured frontispiece.) We turn without malice to the coloured frontispiece, and we there find a picture of a foul-looking woman, with a deformed baby in her arms, gazing wildly at a hideous green monster, which pokes its obscene head and neck out of a sky-blue sea. We have no hesitation in asserting that the picture as a whole is calculated to frighten any child of average sensibilities into plain fits, and to disgust it for ever with the seaside. And here are some of the verses:

It is all very well to say bathing is "mixed"

So long as you know what is meant,
But who in the world could have bargained for THIS
To appear within sight of the tent?
And if Dinah had known she would surely have said,
"I think it is time that we went. . . ."

"I appear to excite some alarm I can see,"
Said the Serpent with saucer-like eyes,
"But what do you mean by mixed bathing if you
Regard me with fear and surprise;
Don't they say that in August we serpents appear?"
"But many," cried Dinah, "say lies."

No doubt we are old-fashioned, but we would rather see "children depicted as their pious mothers thought they ought to be" than suppose for a moment that they derive the smallest kind of joy from this sort of silly vulgarity. And we cannot for the life of us perceive where the improvement comes in.

We are glad to note that the *Westminster Gazette* is beginning to shed its Suffragistic milk-teeth. In other words, it is rapidly becoming an anti-Suffragist journal. In its issue of Thursday evening our green contemporary published the following pertinent letter:

SIR,—When will militant Suffragists understand that "Revolution" is only rational when you cannot get your voice heard in any other way? Revolution occurs either when a majority suppresses the voice of a suffering minority or when a minority in power refuses to accede to the demand of a majority—e.g., Reform Riots of 1832. The Hyde Park Riots of 1867 were due to the attempt to suppress the demonstrations of a majority. The demonstrations of 1884 were made with a view to coerce the minority of the House of Lords. But these were orderly, not "militant." The absurdity of the militant Suffragists is the fact that they can voice their supposed grievance on every platform and in every Press and with every form of constitutional demonstration without the slightest difficulty. They only go to prison because they cannot promise not to make fools of themselves for three or six months. There is no bar to any political action in binding themselves over not to commit a breach of the peace for such periods. Women have the fullest opportunity of persuading the existing electorate that they ought to have the vote. It is the electorate and not the present House of Commons that must decide this. Mr. Asquith has gone to the extent of his powers in saying that in any coming Reform Bill members may vote as they please as to this extension. Most people would agree that it cannot be finally settled without a definite appeal to the electorate.

As one who appreciates the logic that, so long as a vote depends upon a property qualification, there is no answer open to their demands, supposing that a real majority of women desire it. I may say that it is the mock heroics of these Suffragists that are the obstacle to its advocacy. But, once granted that manhood suffrage is the ideal of reformers, an entirely different line of argument becomes open, and sex qualification becomes a leading factor. These questions must and can be argued out in a perfectly rational and constitutional manner, and it is for this very reason that "Pankhurst antics" become revolting to male common sense.—Yours truly,

S. L. H.

If "S. L. H." does not happen to be Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes of the *Morning Leader* it is a pity.

The National Women's Social and Political Union is issuing a leaflet, on which are printed songs suitable to be sung at Suffragists' meetings. A correspondent sends us a copy of this leaflet, marked somewhat unkindly "trash." We append a sample of the kind of verses which the votes for women harridan is expected to bawl:

THE WOMEN'S MARSEILLAISE.

I.

Arise, ye daughters of a land
That vaunts its liberty!
Make reckless rulers understand
That women must be free,
That women will be free.
Hark! hark! the trumpet's calling!
Who'd be a laggard in the fight?
With victory even now in sight,
And stubborn foemen backward falling.

On the whole we think that this may be fairly described as the poetry of "nag."

REVIEWS

THE STORY OF ENGLISH VERSE

A History of English Prosody from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day. By PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY. Vol. I., 1906; Vol. II., 1908. (Macmillan and Co.)

Two out of three promised volumes of this great history of our verse have now appeared. To review them adequately would need knowledge equal to their author's, ranging from the earliest days of our literature to the latest. He claims to have read all printed Anglo-Saxon verse carefully, as well as all poems of the slightest repute during the centuries which followed; and references show him familiar with the work of contemporary singers. This is a rare combination—a qualification perhaps. And when we add a mastery of languages ancient and modern, and particular acquaintance with their metrical phenomena, the writer's equipment for his task will be felt to be complete. It must suffice here shortly to state the lines on which Professor Saintsbury works, in hope of sending readers to the book itself. The first volume ends with Spenser, the second with the followers of Pope.

A large history dealing with the form only of our verse—not with its contents—might be expected to prove heavy reading. But so warm is our author's interest in his subject, so infectious his enjoyment of it, so vivid his style and handling, that what might have been made the dulllest of disquisitions becomes continuously entertaining. In his high spirits this professor of rhetoric plays acrobatic tricks with language, hurling at us wonderful words like "cenfigenousness" and "elench," wonderful phrases like "jump-to-the-eyes," "hottest of the ash-places," etc., and not scrupling to "differ with" a person. Of course the subject is technical throughout. Still, any one who takes the slightest interest in metre—even if barely understanding the difference between a dactyl and a trochee—can hardly fail to be carried along by the flow of Professor Saintsbury's exposition, while those who have some previous knowledge of the questions discussed will find the book more absorbing than most novels.

Little, however, will be found in it about such matters as are now being discussed in our Correspondence columns. It tabulates facts, without seeking to explain them. Two kinds of syllables are found in our verse, which Mr. Saintsbury calls "long" and "short," explaining that he would as lief call them *white* and *black*, or anything else, so long as they are distinguished. Their alternation makes verse—how or why he does not say—and his aim is to register their permutations and combinations. He finds these governed by two principles, which he terms *Equivalence* and *Substitution*. The first reckons two "short" syllables as equal to one "long," and the three syllables of an anapaest as equal to the two of an iamb; the second "manipulates these individual equivalents, so as to present equivalent groups or lines in metre" (Vol. I., Appendix I.). Of rhythm as creating these groups we hear nothing; all such matters are dismissed as "previous questions." Tolerating most modes of prosodic analysis, he wages "truceless war" against one, the division by *accents* or *stresses* which is so popular at present. This, "at its worst, represents English prosody as a kind of drunkard, staggering from tree to tree or other support, and caring only to get hold of the next without calculating the distance between, or the number and measure of the steps which take him to it" (*ibid.*). Hostile allusions to the "accent-men" are incessant. For himself, he recognises "feet"—that is, one imagines, groups of syllables sufficiently alike to create an impression of recurrence—and promises to discuss their nature at the end of his inquiry; meantime, we may call them "hands" instead of "feet" if we choose (I., 82). *Arsis* and *thesis* he uses in their Porsonian sense, not with the reversed Greek meaning now more commonly given to them.

The way is thus left clear for a simple recording of facts. And the first position taken up is that by the year 1200 at latest English verse was written on the same basis as now, its metrical rhythm being "not distinguishable, except in accomplishment, from that of Lord Tennyson or Mr. Swinburne" (I., 49). This basis was *not* an absolutely fixed number of syllables, as too many of our prosodists have sought to make out, but a number swaying freely within certain limits, neither on the one side relapsing into a mere irregular and "go-as-you-please" carelessness, nor on the other tied up to a finger-counted uniformity. In this "not disorderly freedom" we are told that English prosody "stands practically alone" (I., 296). The interest of the historical examination lies in tracing how this structure gradually acquired shape and firmness, watching its rise as soon as our language assumed its present form, noticing when it threatened to decline on either of the above-mentioned sides, recognising which poets realised it best, which came short of using it freely, and for what reasons they came short. Always the appeal is to facts, and is illustrated by representative quotations, usually given in footnotes to avoid breaking up the text. A running fire of comment illuminates the whole, but primarily the book is a record of events, and any reader may construct from these what theory he prefers.

Careful examination of early texts reveals much that will be new to ordinary readers. "Layamon" and the "Orum-lum," "Genesis and Exodus," "The Owl and the Nightingale," and the rest come in turn under review. Guest's theories are frequently challenged, as are sometimes, though with proper respect, those of Dr. Furnivall and Professor Skeat. Pp. 82-4 summarise the "main laws" or "principles" of English prosody as revealed in these early poems. Chaucer has naturally a chapter to himself, and the "broken-backed" verse of his successors is duly characterised, not without some hits at German critics who claim to find melody where there is none. After noticing the curious throw-back to an earlier form of metre in "Piers Plowman," and dealing succinctly with early ballads, the older Scottish poets, &c., Spenser is at length reached, and with him English verse is said to come into its kingdom. No longer tentative and uncertain, it speaks now with assured voice. "The marvellous doings" of this "Lord of Poetry" are chronicled with enthusiasm. A series of "Interchapters" throughout this volume and its successor sum up the conclusions reached at the various stages of inquiry. And to Vol. I. are added nine interesting appendices dealing in easy fashion with "common syllables," "vowel-music," and other technical matters, so that he who runs may read.

Vol. II., however—which is considerably longer than its predecessor, and contains no appendices, these having been crowded out to wait for Vol. III.—will probably be still more attractive to the general reader. For here the writers dealt with are Shakespeare and his contemporaries, their immediate successors—Milton, the Caroline lyrists, Dryden and his followers, Pope, Prior, Gray, Cowper, and a host of others. Shakespeare's verse is studied chronologically, and his later blank verse is pronounced perfect with a perfection never reached by another before or since, but which was not without peril to lesser men who tried to follow him *passibus haud aequis*. These "loosened and liquefied blank verse into sloppy doggerel"; Milton "tightened things up again," applying "the astringent of his austere beautiful style" (II., 266). The chapter on Milton goes into more detail than others, and toward the end breaks a lance with Mr. Bridges over his theories of scansion. Of the rest what need to speak? Among Jacobean and Caroline poets Professor Saintsbury is in his element, and his only difficulty is to stop quoting, to "turn off the nectar." Dryden's manly verse receives full justice, and the "heroic couplet" its due meed of praise, though its mechanical exactness is less to the critic's taste than other forms of verse; all good verse is good to him. Pope is therefore not treated merely from a Wordsworthian point of view; the brilliance as well as artificiality of his "one" metre finds recognition. "Standardised" as it is—

"its parts, like those of a cheap watch," being "perfectly interchangeable"—still, "no other form of verse has ever been devised which would have suited the matter so well" (II, 457-8). Along with Pope's followers are discussed the Eighteenth Century lyrists, and the volume closes at the threshold of the great new departure which revived the manner as the matter of our verse. It contains also some chapters on prosodical critics, but these latter, in accordance with the plan of the book, are treated with less detail than the poems they commented on.

Little idea can have been given by the foregoing of the incidental attractions pervading this book—its racy style, lightly carried learning, wealth of allusion, serious and humorous. These are, after all, subordinate to the main historical interest. Specialists may, perhaps, pick holes where their own subjects are concerned, though, as a rule, the author seems well abreast of latest researches, and in most places might fairly himself be deemed a specialist. At any rate, to the ordinary lover of verse willing to take a little trouble in study and comparison he has given an opportunity for much profit as well as enjoyment. Vol. III., beginning with Blake and Burns, and carrying the tale down to "the present day," will be eagerly expected. Thanks and congratulations are due to Professor Saintsbury for the way he is executing a task which he tells us he has planned and meditated over for many years, and whose completion will erect a noble monument testifying his devotion to that English poetry of which he proclaims himself an "unsatiated and insatiable lover."

PEACE-STRATEGY AND THE ART OF WAR

Foundations of Reform. By the MILITARY CORRESPONDENT OF THE "TIMES." (Simpkin, Marshall, 10s. 6d.)

THERE are few readers of the *Times* who do not await with pleasurable anticipation the letters which come from the facile pen of their gifted Military Correspondent. There are not a few to whom his contributions form the principal inducement to read the *Times* at all. His letters are awaited with interest in Paris, Berlin, and Rome to our certain knowledge, while they have serious students in Japan, and it is probable that many of them are reproduced in most modern languages. The volume under review is a collection of articles written and lectures delivered during the last two years (revised in some instances), and they are entirely devoted to the defence of the Empire. They contain no word of depreciation of the Navy. Naval supremacy is assumed as an unassailable postulate in any scheme conceivable. But the author has used his great powers to demonstrate, even to the meanest capacity, that in no case can naval supremacy enforce peace after war, that it is hardly conceivable that any degree of supremacy can ensure the continuous command of the sea at all points; and, that being so, that even an island State like England cannot ensure safety from invasion unless sea power is backed by efficient force on land. But his argument for an Army which commands respect is ten times more forcible, for we are in no sense only an island State—we are a Continental Power, with land frontiers on three Continents of unequalled length. The problem of the defence of such an Empire is a vast one; the work before us is a valuable contribution towards its elucidation. With much practical experience of its realities the author has brought to his task a mind steeped in the knowledge of the art of war—a mind trained to pure art too. Had he not been a soldier he might have been art critic to the *Times* instead of Military Correspondent. There is no chapter more attractive than the sixth—"Art and the Artist." It is prefaced by these words:

There are some who prefer that we should talk of the science of war; but Moltke's definition of war as an art served by many sciences more correctly represents the truth.

Then from the prose of matters military we share with the students of the Royal Academy of the later eighteenth century the confidences of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and learn that art can only be acquired, originality only sanctified, by reverent study of the great masters that have been and of their masterpieces, and we are told how Sir Joshua had in Italy to reconstruct the whole of his ideas from top to bottom:

Nothing more correctly describes the attitude of the average British soldier, with his positive bent and his detestation of the abstract when first placed in close contact with the best foreign schools of thought than Reynolds's account of his own feelings when he was first in the presence of the great masters of Italy.

Then later, in the important tenth chapter, "Statecraft and Strategy," soldiers and statesmen who aspire to use them are reminded that:

In our libraries all the most illustrious figures in the world's history become our servants. They stand and wait till we are pleased to condescend to listen to them. Honour though it be to attend a King's Levee, it is a greater honour to hold a Levee of Kings.

The first chapter is headed "The Blue Water School," and it was originally delivered as a lecture before the National Defence Association just two years ago, and several articles of faith were assumed as universally held. The first:

That supremacy at sea is indispensable to the British Empire and that it can only be secured by a predominant Fleet.

But the last article was:

That the Navy cannot complete its victories without an Army at its back, and that we shall never be in a position to defend the Empire with success until we are able ultimately to count upon a million trained men available to defend this country and fight in a theatre of war over sea.

But this was said to the National Defence Association. The first article of faith is universally held, though perhaps not always understood, but if the last article were similarly held the letters and lectures in this book would have assumed a very different form, and some of them would never have been written. The arguments of the Blue Water School are well known, and are very trenchantly dealt with here. Accepted naval authority (however steeped in blue water) concedes that effective blockade for a prolonged period is now impossible, and that a raid on our coasts is possible, but (to quote again):

Of an authorised establishment of 10,000 men which the enemy is not permitted to exceed without doing serious injury to ministerial infallibility.

"The Story of a Raid," chap. iii., shows us how the landing of one thousand Frenchmen on the coast of Mayo dislocated the whole military system of Ireland in 1796, when there were one hundred thousand men in the country and Lord Cornwallis was Lord-Lieutenant. Two of the greatest strategists, also, have contemplated invasions without command of the sea. Napoleon would have risked a hundred and fifty thousand men on our southern coast, and Moltke had planned the invasion of Zetland in 1864, when Denmark was stronger than Prussia by sea as four is to one.

And so we are led to a consideration of facts as they exist now in the North Sea and the Baltic. There is a great Power which commands the services of four millions of fighting men, and which has become the second naval Power of the world. Germany has quays alongside which 116 great steamers can lie simultaneously, and in her harbours are to be found any day 400,000 tons of German and foreign shipping. On the east coast of England there are many stretches of sand four miles long where 10,000 men could be landed very quickly. Great results are worth great risks. Why should not an Imperial Council on which soldiers predominate be willing to take the risks? The German Fleet would decoy away ours—raids would be attempted, and, under cover of other action, the landing of a quarter of a

million of men might be attempted. And supposing they could not get out again? The loss of 250,000 men does not materially affect the military power of a state that disposes of four millions.

It is this threat which the Military Correspondent of the *Times* warns England to prepare for. And he does so in no dramatic mood. He shows us a modern army manoeuvring in chapter vii., and "Teuton and Turk" which follows presents to us a contrast between the diplomacy of an Empire that is young and knows that it has all to win, with ours which callously throws on the dustheap an old friendship on side issues. "Statecraft and Strategy" is a very summarised history of our share of the Seven Years' War, when we won Canada, laid the foundations of our Indian Empire, and became predominant in the West Indies and in Western Africa—not by sea power alone, but by doing our full share on land as well. For England then had an army fully proportioned to her population and her wealth. The defence of Australia is considered. Australia has adopted universal service, and we heartily associate ourselves with the Military Correspondent of the *Times* in his article to the *Call*:

It is my firm belief that we shall all eventually follow if you will lead, and that the general adoption of universal service will give lasting peace and security to the Empire.

Peace strategy may be defined as the mental habit of the king who sat down to consider whether, with 10,000 men, he could meet his enemy who was coming against him with 20,000. The king in question contracted the habit tardily. History shows that British Ministers, the elder Pitt excepted, have rarely, if ever, contracted the habit at all.

So begins the last chapter of Part I. This chapter, headed "Peace Strategy," is a closely-reasoned appeal for a logical and business-like attitude towards problems of national defence, and alone would mark out the author as a military thinker of a high degree. It is full of useful theses expressed epigrammatically and with a sense of humour that commands attention, and some of the definitions are very happy. To quote one only:

Peace Strategy is a science—War is an art—Peace Strategy bears the same relation to War as the armourer who makes a rifle to the man who uses it.

Part II. forms the very best existing guide to the British Army as now constituted. Mr. Haldane's Army Bill is explained to us very clearly. We know what there was before and what there is now with which to fight the land battles of the Empire. The chapters in succession are a series of articles and speeches preparing the public for the measure which has now been passed, explaining what necessities that measure was meant to supply, and written or spoken in the hope of interesting public opinion so that haply public support might be given to the Minister while marching along the true road of progress, support also to relieve him of pressure that might drive him back into false grooves.

The author holds no brief to defend Mr. Haldane's plans as the best possible; but he claims that such as they are they have been acknowledged by the National Service League to be the best that can be obtained under a system of voluntary enlistment. A machinery has been brought into being which would work equally well under a real national system of service as under the system now brought into existence. The reductions in the standing Army are condemned without mercy, and in the concluding chapter the numbers of the second line, even if brought to its full strength of 300,000 men, are demonstrated to be wholly insufficient.

A very serious work is lightened throughout by an unflinching sense of humour, which can touch with caustic point a torpid sore. It is most excellent reading. The "Foundations of Reform" should have its place on the bookshelf of every serious soldier, and it should be a textbook for every County Association. But, above all, let statesmen, and politicians who aspire to become statesmen and so to direct the armed forces of England, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it.

LYING SPIRITS

Arcana of Nature. By HUDSON TUTTLE. With an Introduction by EMMET DENSMORE, M.D. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 6s. net.)

To the student of human self-deception this volume will prove a most interesting document. Its author, Hudson Tuttle, was born on the southern shore of Lake Erie in 1836. His childhood would appear to have been a sufficiently remarkable one. The child of a zealous and fanatical Unitarian, he was reared in an atmosphere of theological discussion and sectarian bitterness. His education meanwhile was left to suffer—a point of some importance in view of subsequent disclosures. At an early age he became conscious of the possession of strange "psychic" powers, and when only fifteen years of age we find him an adept in the process of automatic writing. Infant precocity is rarely loth to exhibit itself in the presence of admiring elders, and it was not long before the youthful Tuttle had established quite a local reputation as an expert in the marvellous. His attainments were not limited to automatic writing. They were accompanied by the phenomena of table-rapping, trances, and all the other paraphernalia of popular spiritualism. He was sent to school, where he wrote hexameters under the direct influence of "the spirits." Automatic composition thus having been successfully initiated, it culminated in the production, at seventeen, of a book which occupies over three hundred pages of closely-printed matter, and the whole of which appears to have been written in a state of trance. Now the problem we are invited by the publishers to consider is how "a seventeen-year-old farm-lad, with no library, no books of reference, and with scant education," could have produced such a volume, and the more attention that is bestowed upon the subject the more do difficulties seem to multiply. It is not easy, for example, to understand how it is that a "seventeen-year-old farm-lad," with no library and no books of reference, could have consulted such works as Humbolt's "Cosmos," Poisson's "Theorie Mathématique de la Chaleur," the "Vestiges of Creation," and a hundred others. Yet that such "consultation" did actually take place we are informed by the author himself. Furthermore, the book contains numerous quotations from the writings of authors with whom, presumably, the seventeen-year-old farm-lad was unacquainted. The real authorship of the work is attributed by Mr. Tuttle with becoming modesty to certain "intelligences" who directed his pen, Mr. Tuttle himself playing the part of a purely voluntary amanuensis. He is therefore not to be held responsible for the mistakes which the volume contains. For the "intelligences" appear at times to have misled their unsuspecting scribe. Two instances are quoted by Dr. Densmore, who accepts unquestioningly the theory of the "automatic" authorship of the work. In Section 61 occurs the question: "Why did the Creator give rings to Saturn which, surrounded by six moons, can have little need of them, while Mars is left in total darkness?" And in Section 105: "But why . . . was a moon given to the Earth, and not to Mars, which is twice the distance from the Sun?" The "Arcana," be it noted, was written in 1853, and at that time scientists had not discovered the two moons which, as is now matter of common knowledge, revolve round Mars. Dr. Densmore's comment on this striking anachronism is delightfully naïve. "This would seem to demonstrate," he writes, "that, whatever the source from which Mr. Tuttle's inspiration came, it was limited to the knowledge which men of science at that time possessed."

An important fact to remember is that Mr. Tuttle's statement detailing the circumstances under which the "Arcana" was composed is dated February, 1908—that is, fifty-three years after the writing of the book. It is very difficult indeed to remember precisely what took place after so prolonged a period of time, and it may well be that Mr. Tuttle's memory has played him false with regard to many details. In addition to this, the numerous "psychic"

experiences which he has doubtless undergone since that date would tend rather to obscure than to clarify his recollection of such an event.

For ourselves we absolutely refuse to believe in the automatic theory. "Probability," as Bishop Butler said, "is the guide of life," and to resort to a supernatural explanation when a natural explanation is forthcoming is to fly in the face alike of reason and of experience. We have read several chapters of the "Arcana of Nature." It is by no means an epoch-making work. It is, indeed, precisely the kind of work that an exceptionally intelligent boy of seventeen might have produced, without invoking the aid of "superior" intelligences. Similar cases are not unknown in history. It is related of Pascal that he solved the problems of Euclid in the nursery, and without having read a line of the "elements." And Chatterton's "Rowley Poems" were written before their author was seventeen. When the "Arcana" was written Mr. Tuttle had already been to school, and presumably he had access to the school library. Let us credit him with a certain capacity for assimilating information, and a fondness for natural science. Let us further suppose that the work was written, or at least commenced, during his school-days. "I cannot give the exact date of its beginning" is the author's own confession, and the mystery disappears.

To a generation of sign-seekers such an explanation will doubtless be rejected as too obvious. These dabblers in mystery must have their sensation at all costs, and the simplest occurrences are consequently viewed in the light of portents. A certain Mr. Wilbur L. Cross, for instance—who, for all we know to the contrary, may be the latest and best product of American culture—advances a theory in this volume that genius is the direct result of "spiritual" mediation. It will scarcely be believed that the authority of so sane and common-sense a writer as Thackeray is invoked in support of this monstrous assumption. Such, however, is the case, and here is the evidence:

Thackeray, on finishing "The Newcomes," told his children, as he was walking in the fields near Berne, in Switzerland, that the story had all been revealed to him somehow as in a dream.

Behold in this the crass stupidity of the average spiritualist! The phenomenon recorded is one perfectly familiar to practically every writer engaged on imaginative work. The mental concentration involved, combined with the accompanying detachment from accustomed interests and pursuits, tend, on the completion of the work, to produce a state of mental reaction, in which the actual details of composition are either forgotten or else invested with an atmosphere of vague unreality. In other words, the facts are susceptible of a purely physiological explanation.

The industry of Dr. Densmore—who appears to be a specialist in cranks—has resulted in a strange collection of "psychical experiences." Here, for instance, is the testimony of a Mr. W. J. Colville:

I was in Perth, West Australia, in 1896, when Marie Corelli's novel "The Treasure of Heaven, a Romance of Riches," reached Australian shores. The book had been widely advertised before its arrival, and a committee of arrangements had secured my consent to include a review of that book in a course of lectures I was then delivering at the Town-hall. The local booksellers expected the books to arrive several days earlier than they came, and I had anticipated reading the book thoroughly, and quoting from it verbatim on the public platform. Somewhat to my consternation, I could not get hold of a copy until the evening on which I was to speak, and as the book contained nearly five hundred pages I gave up hope of reviewing it in my lecture, and decided to treat the topic from my own standpoint, merely mentioning the fact that Marie Corelli's novel had just reached the city. My surprise and pleasure were both great when at the close of the lecture I was personally congratulated upon my exhaustive review of the entire story and complimented on my amazing memory, for I was told that I had quoted passage after passage in almost the exact words of the author, and had given a full synopsis of the entire tale, as though I had digested it in every detail.

It is, we believe, the fashion in occult circles to speak of certain spirits as "elementals." The propriety of the epithet as applied to the particular spirit that prompted Mr.

Colville's eloquence will scarcely be disputed! But the story is an eminently characteristic one. The profession of Mr. Sludge has now been in existence for a considerable number of years—and a highly lucrative profession we believe it to be! It may, therefore, be fairly asked, How much wiser are we than before? What has mankind learned with regard to that other world, the existence of which is assumed by the vast majority of the human race. And the answer is—Nothing! The materialised medium serves no higher end than to spout the vapid inanities of Marie Corelli through the lips of an inoffensive lecturer. That a residuum of truth may be detached from the fraud, trickery, and superstition, wherewith the study of the so-called "occult science" is beset, no reasonable man will doubt. But that the discovery of truth is best served by patient observation and verifiable experiment is amply proved by a candid comparison of the two methods.

We have said nothing of the system of spelling adopted in this book. It is an impertinence.

FOLK-MEMORY

Folk-Memory; or, The Continuity of British Archaeology. By WALTER JOHNSON. (Clarendon Press.)

To any one who wishes to saunter rather than to run in realms archæologic this is a pleasant, rambling, objectless book. It pretends—but the pretence is thin and tattered—to establish the continuousness of notions from the Stone Age to our own. Really it aims at discharging the duties of archaic love by a fine outburst of informal talk upon Celts and fairies, white horses, knapping, and megaliths. Of course, if he can point to any modern instances of a Stone Age, Mr. Johnson does so with zest. Your sword, most gallant Sir, and your father's sword, which you may no longer gird upon you, is not only a makeshift for his father's chipped flint, but the very word if connected with *saxum*, and actually means something stone. The woodman swinging his hatchet little knows that its name comes from *atla* or *aitz*, also a stone; and the miner's pick is lineally descended from the deer-horn tool of gentlemen in colder and hairier ages of the world. Mr. Johnson does not always carry away the reader in his talk. He seems to allow too little for the inventions of necessity, which will spur on even the trousered moderns to make substitutes for appliances to which their purses cannot stretch. In Caithness a family, being temporarily bereaved of a table, which was, no doubt, pawned for whiskey, carried home a stone slab and sat round it for their brose. This to the delighted author was a fine whiff of folk-memory from the Stone Age. Ingenious boys pinch river mud into toy jars, scratch them with thorns, and bake them in the family oven. This is a mark of continuous archæology, a survival of the Celtic method, a charming instance of folk-memory. It is almost a temptation to point to the continuousness of yawning, sneezing, and winking, to the fact that boys stone cats and picnic-parties always contain gentlemen who sit on their heels. These things may be hereditary instinct, but what whim can be disproved to be the same? If old moots meet on barrows, it may very well be that such sites saved them the cost of a platform. It has no more historic value than the meetings of Demos in Trafalgar Square, which do not make glad the Navy League nor provoke the French to patriotic reprisals. Still, enough filters through the ages to be beyond the cavils of doubt. When an Egyptian priest sacrificed, or the wife of Moses circumcised her son with knives of stone, that assuredly points to a time when hallowed knives of stone were the rule because there were none others, just as the stone *mensa* let into a Christian altar tells of altars of stone in past ages. The list of stone survivals might be largely extended, from the lancets of the surgeons in Hammurabi's code to the stone necklaces hung on bushes by modern peasants to break the powers of warlocks. The pleasant tales of fairy lands forlorn one does not quite like to have resolved

into prosaic tales of little neolithic troglodytes, who pop out and take pot-shots with flints at bronze—using long-shanked people. Queen Mab and Ariel are hardly of such squalid lineage, but the love of elf-land is compounded from many sources, and, no doubt, brownies and the less dainty folk may be thus embodied. Mr. Johnson has many instances of the marvels of tradition and its veracity. The story of the cairn near the town of Mold is one. It was called Bryn-yr-Ellyrdon, or the hill of the fairy, and men said it was haunted by a ghost in golden armour. At last came the inevitable antiquary, spade in hand and scorn in heart, and he opened the tomb. A tall man in bronze armour overlaid with gold was unearthed. His panoply was of the Romano-British period, and the tale had a clear run of nineteen centuries. From all sides there come stories of this kind, and the tales of the people, at which professors sniff, are constantly being upheld. This is not so very strange as modern educated people would believe. There lives now at North Hampstead a lady whose grandfather was born in the reign of Queen Anne. Had she been of peasant and not of scholarly origin, her family would be rich in good tradition, for each generation would have told its friends and its untravelled circle a definite series of events, told the tales in exactly the same terms often and often, and those tales would have been retold to the children, even if these had been begotten in extreme old age, as they were, and the stories had not been heard by those children at all from the lips of the parent. Every poor person and many a richer one loves to tell children the stories of his fathers and grandfathers, and every orphan likes to hear the tales at second hand almost more eagerly even than others do at first hand. Three generations span, in this case, a couple of centuries. Three more would land one in the reign of Henry VII. If it were not for the facile education, which uses words in glib heaps often as substitutes rather than as garments for thought, the six persons concerned would hand down unvarnished tales, with phrase, gesture, and intonation complete. There is one slight addition which might be made to Mr. Johnson's notions upon ghosts and treasure-heaps. A man who buried his hoardings when everybody did so, usually divulged the secret to his heirs. He did this partly because it is a condition of resting in peace that one's affairs should be in order. That, indeed, is why the clergy since the thirteenth century to the modern visitation of the sick are told to move the sick man to make his will. Now, if he did not declare his hoard—or, as we should say, if he died intestate—he was thought "not to lie quite comfortable." He prowled around his little home area and was seen, or at least expected to be visible. If once such a tale is raised it lives. There is in Kent an uncanny field where an old man boils a pot now and again on tempestuous nights. A large find of coins was made at the very site within recent years. At a cross-road in Somerset to this day there are uncanny things seen. The horses shrink and shy, especially at night, but not exclusively so. Dogs who wander there returned cowed. Something will be found there some day, and we shall have reports of Celts or Romans or Danish bones or coins of the Roses, and then Mr. Johnson will feel that all is accounted for, although it does not seem quite so devoid of mystery as he would have us to believe. There is a capital chapter upon Dew-ponds, which gives the first attempt most of us have seen to supply an answer to the grave defect of those hill-camps of Romans and British and earlier peoples—namely, that there are no springs, and no possibilities of springs, upon these tall hill-tops. The Romans, at any rate, were fastidious bathers. Even the Kimry had to drink; and fighting is very thirsty work. Could the amphitheatres, so often found in old camps, which the people call frying-pans, have been dew-ponds? It seems likely. A horrid suggestion is made that the Long Man at Wilmington and other figures were wickered over and captives burnt in them by Druids. These are Cæsar's "images, whose limbs, wattled with wicker, they fill with living men" and burn. That seems a more feasible theory than if the sacrificial murderers were supposed to rear

huge baskets aloft, which would be a costly and not always an effective method of roasting the victims. The wicker would give, and the captors would roll forth half-singed and wholly indignant. The white horse of Uffington may have devoured more flesh than the whole stable of Diomedes. Like many other theories in this book it seems likely; but that is as far as credit will stretch, and even that is a venture of faith.

PERSONALITY AND RESEARCH

Essays Biographical and Chemical. By SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, K.C.B. (Constable, 7s. 6d.)

It is possible that the ordinary person equipped with no extensive knowledge of chemistry or science will be deterred from reading this book by its rather formidable title, suspecting its contents to be too abstruse and technical for his taste. Little ground exists for this fear. With the exception of an essay on the nature of an element, and portions, perhaps, of the following one, there is no reason why any reader of average education and some capacity for concentration should not comprehend satisfactorily the whole volume. We are all scientists nowadays, especially since the emergence into public use of that precarious and uncanny "live" rail which most of us would rather leave discreetly alone; especially also, it might be said, since the discovery of radium set even the man in the street expatiating more or less learnedly upon ions and electrons.

Sir William Ramsay has chosen rather an unusual combination—that of biography with chemistry; but, as may be supposed, the personal sketches are of famous physicists or investigators, and they do not seem at all incongruous when we find that many of their discoveries are expounded in sequent chapters. Of the brief biographies we like best the story of Marcellin Berthelot and Madame Berthelot—a love-idyll of science if ever there was one:

The meeting of the young couple was somewhat romantic. . . . One day, on the Pont Neuf, Mademoiselle Bréguet was crossing the longest bridge in Paris in the face of a strong wind, wearing a charming Tuscan hat, then the *mode*. Behind her walked her future husband; suddenly she turned round, to avoid having her hat blown off, and practically ran into his arms. If not exactly love at first sight, it was a case of love at first touch. Their married life was of the happiest; indeed, it may be said that they were in love with each other to the end. . . . No one visiting their house could fail to remark this absolute devotion to each other; never was there a happier family.

The death of the two lovers last year, almost at the same moment, is still fresh in our memories.

Lord Kelvin is the subject of another most interesting paper, and one or two amusing anecdotes of his class at Glasgow University are told. He was not a model lecturer, being a trifle too discursive; "nor," says the author, "was the Professor always prescient."

On one occasion I turned the handle of a large electrical machine while he held a two-gallon Leiden jar by its knob, and charged the outside coating. It was not until it was fully charged that it occurred to one of us that, while the jar was quite safe as long as it was in his hands, it was impossible for him to deposit it on the table without running the risk of an inconveniently heavy shock. Finally, after rapid deliberation, two of us held a towel by its corners, and Sir William [Thomson] dropped the jar safely into the middle; it was then possible to touch the outside without mishap.

Of Joseph Black, the noted Edinburgh chemist, the following story is related:

Black and Hutton were almost inseparable cronies. Having had a disquisition as to the waste of food, it occurred to them that, while testaceous marine animals were much esteemed as an article of diet, those of the land were neglected; they resolved to put their views in practice, and having collected a number of snails, had them cooked, and sat down to the banquet. Each began to eat very gingerly; neither liked to confess his true feelings to the other. Dr. Black at length broke the ice, as if to sound the opinion of his messmate:

"Doctor," he said, in his precise and quiet manner, "do you

not think that they taste a little—a very little—queer?"

"Queer,—queer indeed!—tak' them awa', tak' them awa'!" vociferated Dr. Hutton, starting up from the table, and giving vent to his feelings of abhorrence.

Four great London chemists—Boyle, Cavendish, Davy (Sir Humphrey), and Graham have also their place in another excellent paper.

The chemical essays touch upon problems which may be termed popular, in a certain sense—popular as distinct from their elaborations in the more esoteric researches of the laboratory; for example, there are chapters entitled "Radium and its Products," "The Becquerel Rays," "What is Electricity?" and one discussing the Aurora Borealis. Yet, of course, these very propositions, which have become so familiar that they slip easily from our tongues and enter into our after-dinner chat, involve some of the most strenuous mathematical and experimental labour imaginable. The true investigator, however, flinches never. "Nature surrounds us with conundrums, and it is one of the greatest pleasures in life to attempt their solution."

In the final essay on "The Functions of a University" the author has some trenchant remarks concerning the examination system, the idea of which, he says, is "so ingrained in the minds of Englishmen that it is difficult for them to realise that the object of a University is not primarily to examine its pupils, but to teach them to teach themselves." This was delivered as a lecture at University College, London, in the year 1901, and seems to us even now, seven years after, to state the case for and against our present method of competitive examination in a needful and illuminating manner.

Sir William Ramsay appreciates keenly the fact that the sum of our knowledge, seeming so great, is in reality very small. We do not know on what immense continent we may chance in our little ships that voyage so hopefully into the dark. Here and there we sight, as did Columbus, driftwood or strange sea-things floating from lands of which we have dreamed, and infer from them what may be beyond; here and there we find an island, and perhaps build upon it a slender hypothesis which the next explorer sees in ruins. What will the Great Discovery be when it comes? Life itself, possibly; we cannot tell.

THE ADELPHI

A Literary History of the Adelphi and its Neighbourhood.

By AUSTIN BRERETON. New Edition. (T. Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d.)

As those mastodons of modern traffic, the motor-buses, bluster past Queen Eleanor's Cross and swerve into Whitehall, we are apt to forget that at one time the Strand was merely a road connecting London with Westminster—a road so rough that Edward III. levied a tax for its repair upon all goods carried from Temple Bar to the Abbey, and required the owners of all houses adjacent to the highway to keep in good order that portion of it which lay before their doors. The very name, "The Strand," in this particular instance of its use has long lost its suggestion of the land bordering the river; but the title would have seemed perfectly appropriate when the gardens of its stately mansions stretched their slopes to the water's edge. Few traces of those historic residences remain now; the last to go was Northumberland House, demolished in 1874 to permit the construction of the fine avenue bearing that name. Names, fortunately, we have in plenty, if little else—quiet reminders to the thoughtful passer-by of the worthy men of old. And perhaps the richest cluster of memories within the precincts of the City is that associated with the Adelphi and its sombre byways.

Merely to mention those who have lived in or haunted that locality, as though drawn thither by some mysterious force of intellectual gravitation, would probably surprise even the student who prides himself on his acquaintance

with their careers. Most readers, we might safely assume, would place Garrick at the head of the list—the house in Adelphi Terrace (No. 5) in which he lived and died is still standing. Dr. Johnson and his satellite, Hannah More, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Dukes of Buckingham, Walpole, James Smith (brother of Horace Smith), Thomas Coutts, Turner—these are a few among the many whose movements Mr. Brereton has assiduously traced so far as they relate to his chosen district. What would some of us not give to have been present at "a very mirthful trial of skill at dear Mrs. Garrick's," where Hannah More was umpire while Garrick and Boswell competed as to which could more nearly imitate Dr. Johnson's manner? "I remember," says Mistress More, "I gave it for Boswell in familiar conversation, and for Garrick in reciting poetry."

Of characters farther hidden in the labyrinths of history Mr. Brereton mentions Anthony Bek, of Durham House, which, with its grounds, formerly occupied the whole site of the Adelphi; this Bek, or Beck, seems to have been in mid-career as a Bishop about the year 1300. Thomas Boleyn, father of Queen Anne Boleyn, also lived at Durham House, so that for centuries this little plot of earth has linked itself with notable men and women.

The builders of the present-day Adelphi, the brothers Adam, naturally have a good many pages devoted to them in this book. Their ingenuity in constructing that queer, wonderful region of the "arches," rarely explored even by the most inquisitive of visitors, was highly praised from the beginning. Thomas Malton, architectural draughtsman, wrote of the famous brothers in 1792:

It must be mentioned to their honour that no accident happened in the progress of the work, nor has any failure been since observed—an instance of good fortune which few architects have experienced when struggling with similar difficulties. This remark will make very little impression on the careless observer who rattles along the streets in his carriage, unconscious that below him are the streets in which carts and drays, and other vehicles of business are constantly employed in conveying coals and various kinds of merchandise to the warehouses and avenues inaccessible to the light of day; but he who will take the trouble to explore its depths will feel its force; and when he perceives that all the buildings which compose the Adelphi are in front but one building, and that the upper streets are no more than open passages connecting the different parts of the superstructure, he will acknowledge that the architects are entitled to more than common praise.

The most interesting portion of this book is that which deals with Garrick and his circle. Foote, in his ill-natured way, "used to say that he remembered 'Davy' in Durham Yard, 'with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine-merchant.'" Garrick received several letters from Oliver Goldsmith asking for money; he endorsed them "Goldsmith's parlaver." Of the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" we have a good story bearing upon one of his visits to Northumberland House—told in his own words:

I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and, after studying some compliments I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded to Northumberland House, and acquainted the servants that I had particular business with the Duke. They showed me into an ante-chamber, where, after waiting some time, a gentleman, very elegantly dressed, made his appearance. Taking him for the Duke, I delivered all the fine things I had composed, in order to compliment him on the honour he had done me, when, to my fear and astonishment, he told me I had mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant the Duke came into the apartment, and I was so confounded on the occasion that I wanted words barely sufficient to express the sense I entertained of the Duke's politeness, and went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed.

Space fails us to mention the curious and unashamed good-for-nothings who have also haunted this part of London, and somehow made for themselves an unenviable niche in history. It must suffice to say in conclusion that the reader who desires more acquaintance with this rich corner of the City and its unrivalled associations should not fail to consult Mr. Austin Brereton's volume as a pleasant preliminary step to a personal investigation.

FICTION

The Red City. By S. WEIR MITCHELL. (Macmillan, 6s.)

THE novelist who sets his story in the frame of a definite period, among places and persons with names which have become more or less familiar, lays himself open to many possibilities of failure. Anomalies of conversation easily slip in; dress must be carefully studied; the customs of the time need cautious display lest the colours leap too readily to the eye and the balance of the picture be impaired. Dr. Weir Mitchell has essayed a tale of the city of Penn during the days of President Washington's second Administration, and we can compliment him on his success in maintaining the "atmosphere"—an overworked word, but we lack a better—equally and with little artifice from beginning to end. The pages are fragrant with old-time Quaker courtesy and gentleness; a quaint, shy humour, which occasionally ripples into genuine fun, surprises us into smiles again and again; and, in spite of our divergence from the grey and somewhat cheerless creed professed (not always meticulously practised) by these demure dames and damosels, we are bound to back up the hero when he falls in love with little Margaret, and to confess that he could not possibly have done better. Margaret rebels against the severities of the "Friends"—ever so quietly and discreetly, it is true; and her mother does not curb the young spirit over much, but yields whimsically and gracefully to the inevitable. The scene where Margaret is seized by a bevy of riotous girls and persuaded to attire herself fashionably "just for a half-hour" is one of the prettiest in the book:

Nice Christians these! She would not. Mother would not like it, and—ah, me, she was not unwilling to see herself once in the long cheval-glass. She had had naughty dreams of brocade and powder. Despite her resistance, they had off the prim Quaker dress, and blushing, half angry, half pleased, she was in slim attire, saying: "Thou really must not. My stockings; oh, not my stockings! Oh, Molly Greenleaf, how can I? It is dreadful—please not." But the stockings were on, and the garters, with compliments my modest pen declines to preserve. There was enough of the maiden neck in view above the under-vest, and a very splendid length of brocade gown, with lace of the best, and a petticoat, pearl-tinted, "Because, dear, we are all Quakers," they cried. "And do keep still, or the powder will be all over thee. What colour, girls! Can it be real? I must kiss thee to see if it be rouge."

"For shame!" cried Margaret, between tears and laughter.

"Now a fan—and patches—No. The old women wear them; but gloves, crumpled down at the elbow. So!" She had given up at last. It was only for a frolic half-hour. "Go now and see thyself." Two of the merriest seized lighted candles, and stood on each side of the long cheval-glass, a pretty picture, with Margaret before the mirror, shy and blushing. "Isn't she, oh, isn't she, the sweetest thing!"

The Quaker maiden looked down at the rich brocade and then looked up, and knew that she was beautiful. She stood still, amazed at the revelation, and the gods who give us uncalled-for thoughts set in her mind for a moment the figure of the young vicomte. She coloured, and cried as she turned away from the glass, "You have had your way with me, and now—undress me, girls, please. I should scarce know how."

But her own clothes were hidden, the dinner-gong had sounded, and Margaret perforce showed herself to the company, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry.

This is by no means the liveliest or most important part of the book, but it strikes truly and delicately the note of the story. Later on we read of a duel, a chase between two ships, lost despatches, and there is a thrilling description of the plague that ravaged the "Red City"; much is told also with regard to the men of mark of that time. Not one of the characters is tame or uninteresting. We can recommend this romance heartily to all our readers; whether they care for that particular period in American history or not, we feel confident that the time spent with Mistress Margaret and her vivacious, lovable circle of friends will prove altogether pleasant.

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. By JOHN FOX. (Constable, 6s.)

It was with a sense of pleasant anticipation that we

observed on the cover of this book the words, "A Kentucky Story," and we have not been disappointed. The charming "Blue Grass Region" which James Lane Allen has described so beautifully is here brought before us with a sure and delicate touch, although the characters of this romance and their doings are of a calibre very different from those of "The Choir Invisible" or "The Increasing Purpose." They are robust, energetic, hot-blooded; some of them have a pretty knack of handling their Winchesters and their revolvers on the principle of "shoot first and argue afterwards," and even when the argument happens to come first we are generally conscious that somebody or other is "covered" by a steadily-aimed Colt in the background. In spite of all this shooting, there is no suggestion of cheap literature about the story, nor has the reader to look upon the ensanguined scenes which recently seem to have become a deplorable fashion in fiction. The standard of work is consistently good both in plot and writing. "June," the simple, uneducated girl, taken from her "Lonesome Cove" by John Hale, and trained into the ways of town and a sophisticated outlook on life, is a very winsome heroine; transformed into a daintily-dressed, accomplished young lady, she gradually overtakes Hale and leaves him behind in appreciation of the niceties of civilisation, and the development is suggested in a most capable manner. He, remaining at his work, far from cities and refinement, slowly but unavoidably deteriorates; she, fresh from the society of a large American city, meets him with something approaching disgust—and they are lovers. Their realisation that the change in both of them was after all only superficial, is not brought about abruptly, but led up to by a reasonable series of incidents through which the character of each is finely shown.

The strongest part of the book is its description of the rise and fall of one of those ephemeral townships which spring up round the scene of a "boom"; in this case, the "boom" is caused by the discovery of coal. The attempts of the few resolute men to maintain and administer justice among people whose code has been that of the firearm, their troubles and difficulties, make excellent reading, and we may conclude with a short extract, illustrating one of the awkward situations with which these pioneers were called upon to deal at a moment's notice. Eight men are "covering" one another in front of the court-house, "every man afraid to be the first to shoot, since he knew that the flash of his own pistol meant instantaneous death for him":

As Hale shrank back, he pushed against somebody who thrust him aside. It was the judge.

"Why don't somebody shoot?" he asked sarcastically. "You're a purty set o' fools, ain't you? I want you all to stop this damned foolishness. Now, when I give the word, I want you, Jim Falin and Rufe Tolliver thar, to drap yer guns." Already Rufe was grinning like a devil over the absurdity of the situation.

"Now!" said the judge; and the two guns were dropped.

"Put 'em in yo' pockets." They did.

"Drap!" All dropped, and, with those two, all put up their guns, each man, however, watching now the man who had just been covering him. Hale left the judge . . . his horse was lame, but he must go on. . . . When the beast was brought round, he overheard two men talking at the porch.

"You don't mean to say they've made peace?"

"Yes—Rufe's going away agin and they shuk hands—all of 'em."

Olessia. By A. KOUPRINN. Translated by Major A. ESTCOURT HARRISON. (Sisley, 3s. 6d.)

WE cannot discover any valid reason why this story should ever have been translated. *Olessia*, the heroine, is the daughter of an acknowledged witch—a bold stroke, certainly, and one which seems to hold possibilities of excitement, for the girl shares her mother's uncanny powers without her disreputable appearance. But the demonstration which she gives her lover of her familiarity with the black art is very unconvincing, and only weakens what little air of reality the narrative possesses. *Olessia* is persuaded by her lover to attend a church service; the people resent her presence, catch her, and maim her; finally the two women disappear, leaving their empty, disordered hut

in the forest, and the lover disconsolate. The combination of the supernatural and the normal has often been essayed in fiction, rarely with success. In this instance it merely renders what might have been a passable little love idyll completely futile and uninteresting.

DISTRACTIONS AT EVENSONG

THE church was empty—practically empty—and this on Sunday night, and yet the evening congregations *had* been improving, he repeated to himself with the insistency of an act of faith.

But the twos and threes who dropped in from curiosity on one Sunday dropped off the next Sunday. There was something alarming to them about an empty church—something ridiculous to them, too.

Was it his fault? He wondered during the Office hymn. Surely on the whole the service was as good as any in the neighbourhood. It was true there was no choir—was that but one link in a chain of drawbacks? At any rate, the church was comfortable, well warmed and well lighted, and no one could complain of being without hymn-books. Again, candles were burning; there was a cope, there was incense, even an image—with its homely, friendly lamp burning before it. And then there was the Blessed Sacrament, as the genuflection before the *Magnificat* recalled the Presence to his mind—forgotten in his anxieties; and he censured the altar more carefully and reverently, remembering not to clank the chains as he had read in Levasseur in the afternoon.

Again, there was the old Catholic breath *expressed* as it were from the walls themselves—their old consecration steaming out, warming, purifying the church, filling it with mystery. The old vocabulary was again in use—Mass and Sacrament, and Mary and the holy souls. His own personality sparked Catholicism and dominated—during service time, at any rate—the microbes of Protestantism they had brought in with them through the night air from their locked-up cottages. Yet there was no doubt of it—he was reading the Second Lesson—he did feel acutely, definitely depressed. He felt he would give anything to be able to scream out loud after the Grace, shut the Prayer-book with a bang, and tell the congregation to go, go, go, and leave him alone. . . . Their faces were the same, everlastingly the same; the number was ludicrous; villagers—yes; not outsiders or importations; but were they learning the Faith, or did they merely like him and hate or despise his religion?

But the recital of the Apostles' Creed changed his mood; the absolute majesty and serenity of its dogmatism steadied him, began to warm and console him. Ashamed at his own inattention to the service, he turned his thoughts resolutely from himself, but became distracted this time on their account, alarmed at last for them; after all, *they* need consoling and comforting. They had to walk back out of an empty church into their village to meet, in all likelihood, a radiant stream of Dissenting neighbours. From alarm he fell to being appalled. If they should become apostate—his *pusillus grex*! If from the very confidence with which he held them in his grasp, so to speak, he should neglect them, despise them, offend them unconsciously in some microscopic way! What should he do? He could not—would not—face an utterly empty church; had any priest ever? If it did empty altogether he should have to resign, and the cause—the sacred cause—would suffer by his own unquestioned extinguishment in contempt and silence.

In the last verse of the hymn before the sermon he made a desperate effort of spirit, gave out some notices, and began his sermon.

As he began he looked at the fifty or sixty souls before him, tired with the week's work—yes—but apparently happy, comfortable, simple. No, there was no Judas there. Still he must console and comfort them yet more. He felt he could not *teach* to-night.

Then from cheering them he grew to be sorry for their poverty—their isolation (like his isolation) from the accepted

religious life of the village—the inevitable alienation from their neighbours. He began to feel the very pain they must be feeling at being slowly torn away alive (and he it was who was tearing them away) from their old religious roots—the grinning village looking on at their naked tortures. *They* were pitiable—to be pitied. Still, as he went on slowly preaching the faith seemed to permeate them once again. He was now sure it did; he could feel it, hear it falling on them like gentle and refreshing snow, just moistening their eyes and making their tired necks crane up to the pulpit like happy, thirsting birds.

And in his soul he grew to tolerate them, and at last love fell into his words and inspired him, and he became eloquent after a rude fashion. They were responding—thank God!—they were conglomerating atoms fusing into a mass. He was a force, dealing with a force. Soul to soul, heart to heart, sowing, strengthening, vitalising, subduing. And his dry despair died and his spirit achieved simplicity, and he became consoling as the thought of his own eloquence faded from his mind and he was back again in the Bible with the Lord and His Mother—the Sermon on the Mountain—the law of Love and Heaven's End.

And a child, yet a man once more—wondering, wondering, and now simply and humbly explaining—but with what proud delight and freshness—what he could not understand himself, leaning so heavily, so restfully, so lovingly on his own faith.

SANDYS WASON.

STUDDING-SAIL

THE "Century" gives no examples, notes the pronunciation as *stunsl*, and suggests derivation from *stud*, to support, or from *steadying*. Smyth, "Sailor's Word-book" (1867), has the definition "fine weather sails set outside the square sails," and notes that "the term *scudding-sails* was formerly used." The only meaning in which *stud* is recorded by Smyth is that of a kind of bolt for strengthening the links of a chain cable. *Studding-sail* does not appear to have been in general use very long, the older term being *bonnet*, *F. bonnette*, recorded for E. c. 1400, L.G. and Du. a little later (*v. Kluge*, "Seemannssprache," pp. 116-7), and also in use in Sp., It., Port., and Basque. The earliest examples for *studding-sail* in "Richardson's Dict." are from "Cook's Voyages" and "Falconer's Shipwreck" (1762), "Swift on the deck the *stud-sails* all descend." "A Sea Dictionary of all the Terms of Navigation" (London, 1728) has only *bonnet*. Even *Jal* (1848) has no entry *studding-sail*, but, under *F. bonnette*, gives angl. anc. *bonnet*, angl. mod. *studding-sail*. The latter is, however, in Bailey (1736), "Bolts of canvas extended in a fair gale of wind, along the side of the mainsail, and boomed out with a boom." This is the earliest occurrence I have met with. Lescallier's rare "Vocabulaire des Termes de Marine anglois et françois" (Paris, 1777) has both *bonnet* and *studding-sail*. *Jal* gives, *s.v. bonnette*, Norm. *estouin*, which I believe to be the origin of *stun-sl*, becoming by folk-etymology *stud-sail* (*v. Falconer*), and, under the influence of *scudding-sail* (*v. Smyth*), further elaborated into *studding-sail*. *Estouine* is recorded by the *Encyclopédie* (1785) and by Röding (1798), but is replaced in Mod. F. by *bonnette en étui* (*v. Godefroi, Jal, Furetière*). *Jal* defines *estouine* as "nom de l'étui, transporté à la voile qu'il renfermait et abritait, quand elle ne fonctionnait pas." This derivation is probably erroneous, *étui* being a meaningless corruption of the older word. Godefroi has three examples for O.F. *estouin*:

Estuins ferment (var. *estoins forment*) et escotes
Et font tandre les cordes totes. (Brut.)

Ne n'i out la nuit lof cloé,
Estuinc trait ne tref gardé. (Vie de S. Gile.)

Pour fuyr plus tost, mist la mizenne soubz l'*estouyn*, qui est une voisle tenant a ung des boutz de l'antenne, pendant hors sur le bort du navire, mise la pour hastive fuyte ou viste chace.

This third quotation, from the *Chronique* of Jehan d'Authon (1466-1527), shows clearly that the Norman *estouin* was synonymous with *bonnelle*. It was in use till the eighteenth century (v.s.), apparently the period of the introduction of *studding-sail*. If introduced into the E. nautical language, *estouin* would naturally take the explanatory *sail*, or *stunsil* may even be a diminutive *estuincel* from the form *estuinc* (v.s.). *Studding-sail* itself is a book-form unknown to sailors. The word *estouin* being exclusively Norman, is probably of Germanic, perhaps O.E. origin. At a guess, I should take it for an old present participle; cf. M.E. *sleowien*, to coerce, restrain (Stratmann and Bradley), Du. *slouwen*, fris. *compescere*, cogere, coercere (Kilian, 1620), to drive or chase (Hexham, 1672). A *driver* is a kind of studding-sail (Lescallier and Jal). Cotgrave has *eslouillon* (obs), a fanne to gather winde withall, which may be connected with *estouin*.

ERNEST WEEKLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE

"INVERTED FEET"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Rudmose-Brown need not have felt any doubt about my condemnation of sing-song, clearly stated several times already. I am not sure that his phrase "beating an ictus" is free from suspicion of it. If this implies placing any physical stress, must not this lead to sing-song?—if not, there seems little practical difference between his view and mine. Does not the rather ambiguous word "beating" mislead by calling up the idea of a stress which is not a stress, so that "clash between ictus and word-accent" suggests an actual conflict between two stresses? Perhaps some word like "thinking" or "imagining" an ictus would better represent the true state of affairs.

I would not say that "wresting the prose rhythm" never occurs. I think our poets suggest it, and that it rests with us how far we carry it out. Thus, in Keats's "enchantment" line I consider that the poet intended to suggest something intermediate between prose accentuation on the one hand and sing-song utterance on the other. Mr. Rudmose-Brown's careful analysis of the sounds, and his tentative explanation of the metre, seem to support this by giving what is neither ordinary prose-reading nor pure sing-song. They show how he carries out the poet's suggestion; another man might slightly modify the process, yet reach the same result. Prosodical importance attaches to the result rather than to the method. I still think that more than "careful attention to accentuation and quantity" is involved in thus treating the line. But I will not dwell further on the "verbal" part of his letter.

He will remember that I protested against it being supposed that any sentence carrying five well-marked speech-accented formed a valid heroic line; *a fortiori*, I should say the same of any mere haphazard collection of ten syllables. The difficulty begins when we seek to define limits. Introducing comic words obscures the real point. If his amusing examples were replaced by clauses of similar sound but serious meaning, I doubt if the incongruity would be equally felt. "Sugar" is no worse an ending for a line than "witting," nor "prosecuted" than "hesitating." Such a sentence as

All trespassers will be prosecuted

seems hopelessly prosaic—*first*, because of its sense; *second*, because its natural prose swing is so unlike "iambic" rhythm that any effort to relate them gives pain instead of pleasure. Whether a great poet could not overcome this difficulty I should be slow to determine. If lines like the following—which, of course, are not exact parallels—were altered to comic words of the same sound, would their incongruity with normal verse-rhythm be much less apparent than in Mr. Rudmose-Brown's examples?—

Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
And made him bow to the gods of his wives.
The weight of the superincumbent hour.
Piloted it round the circumfluous ocean.
And strove in vain to unsettle and wield.
And burn the tares with unquenchable fire.
Eleanor of Aquitaine, Eleanor of England.

Is no "mental gymnastic" needed in bringing to a common denominator two "five-stress" lines like

Intolerable interludes, and infinite ill.
The fig, the poplar, and the apricot?

Of course, it is hardly fair to consider lines apart from their context. But, taking them so, are they not sufficient to prove the impossibility of laying down hard-and-fast rules? Prosodists have continually sought to make such rules, only to find them triumphantly broken.

When Mr. Rudmose-Brown claims that specified syllables "are certainly in different feet," he must remember that this assumes a method of division by no means universally accepted. The majority, I think, of modern metrists will hold otherwise, since they divide a typical "iambic" line thus:

The | weight of | all the | hopes of | half the | world.

I have purposely avoided raising such questions at present, knowing that opinions differ, and that within limited space it is impossible to discuss principles of verse-structure. As far as possible, issues of fact alone should be dealt with here. One such is suggested by himself in connection with "trisyllabic feet," and to it I will confine further remark.

He finds a trisyllabic foot in the words "travelled among" as they occur in Wordsworth's line:

I travelled among unknown men.

Now, it is quite possible to read the line so, but it involves making a monosyllabic foot elsewhere in the line—before or after, according to our principle of verse-division—and this implies dwelling on that monosyllable so as to make the "feet" equal. We can so read the words, I repeat, just as we can place a stress on the first syllable of "among," but does either represent the way in which we naturally read, or even conceive, the line? Compare a case where such trisyllabification does, to my mind, really occur. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," with its strongly marked "trochaic" rhythm, contains the line

Act, act in the living present.

No one, I suppose, reads this to pure sing-song, thus:

Act, act | in the | living | present.

We all dwell on the first two words, dwell on them so long that the words "in the" have to be rapidly hurried over, crowded into one "foot" with the preceding syllable (for in this case the same divisions are recognised by both schools). Here is a real "trisyllabic foot," if that term be allowed, corresponding to an actual fact of speech. In Wordsworth's line, as most people read it, I can detect no such fact. The trisyllabic hypothesis is merely "postulated" by theorists to escape recognising a slight but real inversion of accent. When "facts" are faced, I think we must admit a difference between these two cases, and the admission will prevent our being entitled to assume the existence of trisyllabic feet where none are revealed by ordinary speech.

T. S. OMOND.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The case against the granting of the suffrage to women appears, so far as sensible persons are concerned, to be so overwhelming that it seems a pity to overstate it or to allow the question to be the excuse for a general attack on the female sex as some of your correspondents do.

The hooligan tactics of the members of the militant societies and their hangers-on are a sufficient reason for declining even to consider the matter. For any "statesman" to yield to such clamour would be a national disgrace and a direct incitement to other bodies—the unemployed, for instance—to go and do likewise. No tears need be shed over the "constitutionalists." These ladies, now that the forward party are thoroughly discredited, are very active in dissociating themselves from the Pankhurst and Despard groups. But it is too late. They should have disowned the militants when it seemed that their efforts would be crowned with success. Instead of that, they gave them every encouragement. Further, it is a fact that many of these Suffrage cranks belong to all three female suffrage societies.

Even if these raving women were to so mend their manners that the *pros* and *cons* of female suffrage could be seriously discussed, then, as one of your correspondents well pointed out, only those who favour "votes for all women" could support "votes for women."

To give women of property and women-householders a vote for a few years in order that afterwards their votes might be swamped by the votes of all women is a policy which on reflection I feel would not appeal even to the majority of delegates at a Conservative Conference.

As one who until recently was a supporter of female suffrage, I feel that you have done a service in disclosing the true character of the agitation and in showing that, unless a Socialist, one cannot support the movement.

A. B.

November 26, 1908.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THEOLOGY

- The Acts of the Apostles.* E. M. Knox. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.
The Inner Man. Allen B. Woollward. Kegan Paul.

POETRY

- Sonnets to a Lady.* Ernest Druce. Long, 3s. 6d. net.
Selected Poems of Pierre de Ronsard. Chosen by St. John Lucas. Oxford Press, 5s.
Echoes from the Oxford Magazine. Being Reprints of Seven Years. Frowde, 2s. 6d. net.
The Quiet Singer; and other Poems. Charles H. Lowne. B. Dodge.

BIOGRAPHY

- The Real Ninon de l'Englos.* Helen Kendrick Hayes. Sisleys 7s. 6d. net.
John Pettie, R.A., P.R.S.A. Martin Hardie. Black, 20s. net.
William Haig Brown of Charterhouse. Written by some of his Pupils, and edited by his son, Harold E. Haig Brown. Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net.
The Sisters of Napoleon, Elisa, Pauline, and Caroline Bonaparte. After the Testimony of their Contemporaries, by J. Turquan. Translated and edited by W. R. H. Trowbridge. Unwin, 15s. net.
Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat: his Life and Times. W. C. Mackenzie. Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d. net.
The Works of Thomas Nashe. Edited from the original texts by Ronald B. McKerrow. Notes. Vol. I. Bullen.
Mrs. Dobell at Home. A Life Sketch. Lea, 2s. 6d. net.
Sir Richard Tangye. Stuart Reid. Duckworth, 6s.
My Life Up Till Now. George Robey. Greening, 6d. net.

JUVENILE

- A Little Book of Bores.* Oliver Herford. Gay and Hancock, 2s.
Good Comrades. M. T. T. Blackie, 3s. 6d.
With Frederick the Great. G. A. Henty. Blackie, 3s. 6d.
Sir Sleep-Awake and his Brothers. G. Witham. Blackie, 2s. 6d.
Westward Ho! Charles Kingsley. Blackie, 2s.
The Hill that Fell Down. Evelyn Sharp. Blackie, 3s. 6d.
Mother Goose. Edited by W. Jerrold. Illustrated by John Hassall. Blackie, 5s.
The King and the Cats. John Hannon. Illustrated by Louis Wain. Burns and Oates, 2s. 6d. net.
Princess Melody. Florence M. Mulholland. Burns and Oates, 2s. 6d. net.
The Seven Goslings. Laurence Housman. Illustrated by M. Dearmer. Blackie, 1s. 6d.
Cats' Cradle. Cats by Louis Wain, Rhymes by May Byrom. Blackie, 1s. 6d.
Our Visit to France. Told and Pictured by Kate Fricero. Blackie, 3s. 6d.
Tales and Talks in the Nature Garden. Alice Morris. Blackie, 2s. 6d.
Gulliver's Travels. Retold for Little Folk by Agnes Herbertson. Blackie, 1s.
In Texas with Davy Crockett. Everett McNeil. Chambers, 5s.
Golden Square High School. Mary Baldwin. Chambers, 3s. 6d.
Alice in Wonderland. Lewis Carroll. Sunday-school Union, 1s.
Happy Hearts. Harry Golding. Ward Lock, 3s. and 4s.
Dwellers in the Meadows. Rev. Theodore Wood. T. C. Jack.
Molly's Book. Rowe Lingston. Long, 2s. 6d. net.
Children for Ever. John Macpherson. Long, 6s.

FICTION

- The Warden.* Anthony Trollope. Routledge, 5s.
Rubina. James Blyth. Long, 1s. net.
A County Family. J. Storer Clowston. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.
Though Life Us do Part. Elizabeth Phelps. Constable, 6s.
A Scout's Story. Owen Vaughan. Duckworth, 5s.
Days that Speak. Evelyn Goode. Ward Lock, 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

- The Elden on Poetic Edda.* Olive Bray. Part I. Nutt, 15s. net.
An Old York Church: All Hallows in North Street. Its Mediæval Stained Glass and Architecture. Depicted by Mabel Leaf and Ridsdale Tate. Edited by the Rev. P. J. Shaw.
A Happy Half-century. Agnes Repplier. Gay and Hancock, 5s.
Estimations in Criticism. Walter Bagehot. In Two Vols. Edited by Cuthbert Lennox. Melrose, 3s. 6d. net.

Socialism and Society. J. P. Macdonald. Independent Labour Party, 1s. 6d.

Studies in Socialism. Jean Jaures. Independent Labour Party, 1s. 6d. net.

Animals at Home. W. Percival Westall. Dent, 3s. 6d.

The Invisible Glory. George Howard Wilkinson. Mowbray.

The Journal of Philology. W. Wright, J. Bywater, and H. Jackson. Macmillan, 4s. 6d.

Success in the Making. Frank Mundell. Sunday-school Union, 1s. 6d.

The Sportsman's British Bird-book. R. Lydekker. Rowland Ward, 30s. net.

The Clergy Directory and Parish Guide. Philips, 4s. 6d.

The Decline and Fall of the Kingdom of Judah. Professor T. Cheyne. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

A Shakespeare Word-book. John Foster. Routledge, 7s. 6d. net.

Reports on Elementary Schools (1852-1882). Matthew Arnold. Board of Education.

Short Plays from Dickens. H. B. Browne. Chapman and Hall, 2s. 6d.

Essays, Biographical and Chemical. Sir William Ramsay. Constable, 7s. 6d. net.

Studies and Memories. Sir Charles Villiers Stanford. Constable, 7s. 6d. net.

French Prints of the Eighteenth Century. Ralph Nevill. Macmillan, 15s. net.

Human Nature in Politics. Graham Wallas. Constable, 6s.

The Sin of Socialism. Henry Cloriston. London Literary Alliance, 6d.

Reminiscences, Personal, Professional, and Philanthropic, of John Blackwood, M.P. Elliot, 5s. net.

The Person of our Lord. Charles F. Nolloth. Macmillan, 6s.

Golden Thoughts from the Hebrew Prophets. F. C. Montifiore. Lane, 2s.

Selected Speeches. Sir E. Clarke. Smith Elder, 7s. 6d. net.

The King's Revenue. W. M. J. Williams. King, 6s. net.

The Atmosphere. Prof. Houston. Chambers.

Volcanoes and Earthquakes. Prof. Houston, Chambers.

Days Spent on a Dog's Farm. Margaret Symonds. Unwin 10s. 6d. net.

Modernism. Paul Sabatier. Unwin, 5s. net.

The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas. Edward Westermarck. Macmillan, 14s. net.

Vital Economy. John H. Clarke. Unwin, paper 1s. net, cloth 2s. net.

Folk Memory. Walter Johnson. Clarendon Press, 12s. 6d. net.

Electricity, Present and Future. Lucien Poincaré. Sisleys, 7s. 6d. net.

Memoirs of a Vanished Generation. Mrs. W. Blake. Lane, 16s.

A Bird in Hand. Nat Gould. Long, 1s. net.

Some African Highways. Caroline Kirkland. Duckworth, 6s.

Highways and Byways in Surrey. With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. Macmillan, 6s. net.

The Venture of National Faith. Margaret Benson. Macmillan, 6s. net.

Violin Playing and Violin Adjustment. James Winran. Blackwood.

The Making of Canada. A. G. Bradley. Constable, 12s. 6d.

Some Eighteenth-century Byways. John Buchan. Blackwood, 7s. 6d. net.

The Last Fight of the "Revenge." Sir Walter Raleigh. Gibbings, 7s. 6d. net.

University College of North Wales. Calendar for the Session 1908-9.

Earthwork of England. A. Hadrian Allcroft. Macmillan, 18s. net.

The Artist's Garden. Anna L. Merritt. Allen, 21s. net.

The Secrets of our National Literature. W. P. Courtney. Constable, 7s. 6d. net.

The King's English. Clarendon Press, 1s. 6d.

From Libau to Tsushima. Eugène Potivovsky. Murray, 2s. 6d.

Selected Readings from the Psalms. J. Mayor. Murray, 3s. 6d. net.

Typewriting

AUTHORS' MSS., gd. per 1000 words, Sermons, Plays, and all kinds of Typewriting carefully done at home (Remington). Good paper. Orders promptly executed. Duplicating from 3d. 6d. per 100.—M. L. L., 18 Edgeley Road, Clapham, S.W.

AUTHORS' MSS. intelligently copied, 10d. a thousand words. Neat, accurate work. Yost typewriter. Address Y., 49 Primrose Mansions, Battersea Park, S.W.

TO AUTHORS.—Lady (experienced) undertakes **TYPEWRITING**. Authors' MSS. from 1s. per 1,000 words. Dramatic work a speciality. Indexing (Government work, books, magazines, &c.). Proof revising (usual terms). Accuracy, promptitude. Highest testimonials.—Miss Foot, 48 Digby Mansions, Hammersmith, W.

TYPEWRITING.—Authors' MSS. of every description typewritten with promptness and accuracy at 7d. per 1,000 words; envelope addressing and duplicating circulars at lowest terms. Specimens and testimonials on application.—Miss ALDERSON, 56 Boroughgate, Appleby, Westmorland.

TYPEWRITING.—Neat, careful, and intelligent work. Fiction 7d. per thousand, other work 8d. Good paper. Specimens sent.—Mrs. A., 10 Grosvenor Rd., St. Albans.

TYPEWRITING promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Specimens and references.—Address Miss MESSER, The Orchard, Cotterill Road, Surbiton, S.W.

TYPEWRITING.—The **WEST KENSINGTON OFFICES**. Authors' MSS., Translations, &c. Legal and General Copying. Private dictation rooms. Circulars, etc., duplicated. Usual terms. References. Established fifteen years.—SIKES AND SIKES, 223A Hammersmith Road, London, W.

GIVEN AWAY QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S HALF-CROWN CHRISTMAS GIFT-BOOK.

2/6 parcel for 1/3	RAPHAEL TUCK'S XMAS CARDS. HALF PRICE including Envelopes and sent Post-free, Containing 25 Charming Xmas Cards, all TUCK'S folding and inset designs. CLUSTER DE LUXE , Post 20 for 6d. as Free with Envelopes, 2 stamps extra. Send early for these. a sample.	2/6 parcel for 1/3
-----------------------------	---	-----------------------------

Fine Fun for the Fireside, six stamps.
100 for 1s. 6d.

Tuck's Xmas Cards. Big Bargain Bundle. 10 for 4d. Xmas Postcards, very pretty, 20 for 6d. Perfumery Par Excellence, 3 Stamps Post Paid.

BIG BOX OF TEN TOYS FOR A SHILLING.

T. B. L. KING'S PREMISES, Savoy Corner, Strand, London.

A. LIONEL ISAACS,
59, PICCADILLY, W.

RARE BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, & MSS.

Speciality:—French Illustrated Books of the Eighteenth Century and Modern French EDITIONS DE LUXE.

. Gentlemen wishing to dispose of any of these will oblige by kindly reporting same to me.

Catalogue of Rare Books and MSS. now ready.

THE ANCESTOR. A Quarterly Review of County and Family History, Heraldry, and Antiquities. Numerous plates, some coloured. 12 Vols. and 3 Indices, pub. £3 7s. 6d. net, for 40s. net. Constable, 1902-5. —WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

BELGIUM.—**YOUNG LADY**, desirous of studying French and German, can be RECEIVED in first-class Ladies' School for 40 guineas yearly. References kindly permitted to Rev. H. M. Davies, M.A., 137 Beechcroft-road, Upper Tooting, London.

GLAISHER'S REMAINDER BOOK CATALOGUE

FOR DECEMBER (No. 332), Is NOW READY, and will be forwarded on Application.

It comprises a specially attractive selection of Publishers' Reminders, including many Good Bargains.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, LTD., Bookseller, 265 High Holborn, London.

QUEEN SQUARE CLUB.

A social club for men and women interested in politics, literature or art. Lectures, entertainments, chess and bridge. An exquisite Queen Anne club-house, close to the British Museum and Russell Square Station. Inexpensive lunch and dinner. Subscription two guineas.—Apply Secretary, 9 Queen Square, Bloomsbury.

Books for Sale

MENPES' WORLD'S CHILDREN,

100 coloured plates by Mortimer Menpes, text by Dorothy Menpes. Square demy 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top. Black, 1903. Published 20s. net, for 7s. 6d.—WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

DONNE, W. B., and his FRIENDS

(Edward FitzGerald, Mrs. Kemble, J. M. Kemble, etc.), by Mrs. JOHNSON. Numerous Portraits, 8vo, cloth; new; Methuen, 1905; published 10s. 6d. net, for 2s. 6d.—WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

PUBLISHERS' MEDIA

THE SPHERE.

6d. Weekly.

Literary Letter by C. K. S. appears each week. Also List of Books Received.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT RATES FOR PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Office: Great New Street, E.C.

The Best, Brightest, and most Interesting Paper.

THE DAILY CHRONICLE. 10 or 12 Pages Daily.

POPULAR FEATURES ARE:—

The Reviews of Books and Literary Notes, Full Resume of the Principal Musical, Art, and Dramatic Events. Science and Art specially dealt with. Fulllest Reports of all Current Events and Special Telegrams from Correspondents Everywhere.

DO YOU CONTEMPLATE PRINTING A BOOK?

Many really good works are written which are never seen by the public because the Authors lack definite knowledge of the costs of production. It costs nothing to obtain this knowledge from **Garden City Press, Ltd.,** Fine Book and General Printers, Letchworth, Herts.

If you want to know about the — Books of the Season, get —

THE NOVEMBER BOOK MONTHLY,

Now Ready, 6d. net.

It is full of Literary Gossip, Literary Articles, Literary News, and Literary Illustrations. Get it from your Bookseller, or from the Publishers, **SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.,** Stationers' Hall Court, London.

THE AUTOTYPE CO.,
74 NEW OXFORD STREET,
LONDON.

REPRODUCTIONS IN MONOCHROME OF FAMOUS WORKS OF ART BY THE AUTOTYPE PERMANENT PROCESS.

Amongst the numerous Publications may be mentioned:

SELECTIONS from the National Gallery (London), the Wallace Collection, the Tate Gallery, the Walker Art Gallery (Liverpool).

DRAWINGS BY HOLBEIN, from the Royal Collection, Windsor Castle.

SELECTED EXAMPLES OF SACRED ART from various Collections.

ETCHINGS BY REMBRANDT.

DRAWINGS BY ALBERT DURER.

PICTURES from the Louvre, Luxembourg, Paris.

Prospectuses of above Issues will be sent on application.

Full particulars of all the Company's publications are given in

The AUTOTYPE FINE-ART CATALOGUE,

Now Ready, ENLARGED EDITION, with Hundreds of Miniature Photographs and Tint Blocks of Notable Autotypes.

For convenience of reference the Publications are arranged Alphabetically under Artists' Names.

Post Free, ONE SHILLING.

A VISIT OF INSPECTION IS INVITED TO

— THE —

AUTOTYPE FINE-ART GALLERY,

74 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

BOOKS FOR PRESENTS

PUBLISHED BY MR. T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN GERMANY
By W. HABBUTT DAWSON.
21s. net.

"It is, by a long way, the most impartial and exhaustive analysis of the economic and political situation in Germany which has appeared in England for several years past. . . . Those who want to understand the real condition of modern Germany should ponder over Mr. Dawson's chapters."—*Nation*.

NEW LIGHT ON ANCIENT EGYPT
By G. MASPERO.
Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.

"Professor Maspero's book is a living picture of the progress of Egyptology from 1893 to 1907. He deals in his vivid chapters with all phases of the subject—popular customs, literature, history, and religion."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF RUSSIA
By Prof. A. BRÜCKNER.
(Library of Literary History.)
12s. 6d. net.

"I consider this to be a much-needed book for the ordinary English reader . . . gives one an opportunity of tracing to its source the development of one of the most amazing of the world's literatures."—*T.P.'s Weekly*.

MY CLIMBS IN THE ALPS AND CAUCASUS
By A. F. MUMMEY.
New Edition. With Introduction by Mrs. MUMMEY and J. A. HOBSON. 21s. net.

"The book will undoubtedly find a place in every climber's library."—*Sir W. M. Conway in the Pall Mall Gazette*.
"One of the most amusing and thrilling narratives that has ever passed through our hands."—*Daily Chronicle*.
With Photogravure, Coloured, and Half-Tone Illustrations by Joseph Pennell and others.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN
By Mrs. AUBREY LE BLOND
(Mrs. Main). 10s. 6d. net.

In this volume the author describes her series of ascents within the Arctic Circle. The book is profusely illustrated from Photographs by the Author.
Please write for a copy of the new Illustrated Prospectus of "Books on Climbing."

THE SCENERY OF SHERWOOD FOREST
By JOSEPH HODGERS.
21s. net.

With some account of the Eminent Families once resident there, and an Essay on Robin Hood. With Illustrations of the Magnificent Trees and Characteristic Scenery from Drawings by the Author, and with Portraits in Photogravure.

THE SISTERS OF NAPOLEON
By W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE
Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

1. ELISA, GRAND DUCHESS OF TUSCANY.
2. PAULINE, PRINCESS OF GONSTALLA.
3. CAROLINE, QUEEN OF NAPLES.
With a Photogravure Frontispiece and 33 other Illustrations.

IN MY LADY'S GARDEN
By Mrs. RICHMOND,
late Garden Editor of the *Queen*.
Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

A volume of practical advice on the care of the garden the laying out of the grounds, the lawn, the conservatory, the wild garden, and the water garden. With 2 Coloured Illustrations and 48 other Full-page Plates.

DAYS SPENT ON A DOGE'S FARM
By MARGARET SYMONDS
(Mrs. Vaughan).
Revised Edition. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

"Conjures up a vision of rural life in Italy of singular charm."—*Speaker*.

MODERNISM
The Jowett Lectures, 1908
By PAUL SABATIER.
Translated by C. A. MILES.
Cloth, 5s. net.

With a Preface and Notes, and the full Text of the Bull Pieni l'animo, the Syllabus Lamentabili, and the Encyclical Pascendi Dominici Gregis. A profoundly sympathetic account of the new movement in the Roman Church.

THE "CHATS" SERIES
Practical Handbooks for Collectors. Written by Experts, and illustrated with Reproductions of Rare Specimens.
Cloth, 5s. net each.

Volumes on Old Furniture, English China, Oriental China, Miniatures, Prints, Costumes, and Lace.

Write for a copy of "How to Collect with Profit," an illustrated booklet.

SEVEN SPLENDID SINNERS. By W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE. With a Photogravure Frontispiece and 39 other Illustrations. 15s. net.

Contents:—I. The Duchesse de Châteauroux. II. Ebrengard Melusina von der Schullenburg, Duchess of Kendal. III. Catherine II., Empress of Russia. IV. Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston. V. The Comtesse de Lamotte. VI. The Duchesse de Polignac. VII. Lola Montez.

A ROYAL QUARTETTE. By Mrs. BEARNE, Author of "A Leader of Society at Napoleon's Court." Profusely Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

To ordinary English readers very little is known of the four heroines whose stories are related in this book. Yet, as they were all exceptional women, living in the most exciting times, associating with the most celebrated persons, and taking part in the most important events, the history of their lives and adventures cannot but be deeply interesting.

THE NUN ENSIGN. Translated from the Original Spanish, with an Introduction and Notes by JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY, Fellow of the British Academy. Also "La Monja Alferes," a Play in Original Spanish by D. JUNA PEREZ DE MONTALBAN. With Illustrations by DANIEL VIEBGE, Illustrator of "Pablo de Segovia" and "Don Quixote." Large crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

BY DESERT WAYS TO BAGHDAD. By LOUISA JEBB. With a Map and Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

"Altogether the book is one of the brightest, if not the best written, things of Eastern travel that we have seen for many a day."—*Daily Chronicle*.
"A volume which is full of interest, and enlivened with personal sketches and incidents of travel in remote regions that are seldom visited."—*Outlook*.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BEACHCOMBER. Scenes and Incidents in the Career of an Unprofessional Beachcomber in Tropical Queensland. By E. J. BANFIELD. With a Map and 48 Illustrations. 15s. net.

"This wholly exceptional book. . . . It is a book which has been lived, and there are not over many books like that."—*Daily Chronicle*.

CULTS, CUSTOMS, AND SUPERSTITIONS OF INDIA. Being a Revised and Enlarged Edition of "Indian Life, Religious and Social." By J. CAMPBELL OMAN, D.Litt. Illustrated. 14s. net.
"A highly important contribution to the vast and bewildering yet fascinating subject with which it deals."—*Scotsman*.

THE BRIDLE ROADS OF SPAIN (Las Alforjas). By GEORGE JOHN CAYLEY. New Edition. With an Introduction by MARTIN HUME, M.A., and Recollections of the Author by Lady RITCHIE and Mrs. COBURN SICKERT, and a Photogravure Frontispiece. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.
Extract from MARTIN HUME'S Introduction:—"A work of genius, worthy to stand on a lower shelf as a little classic in the same bookcase as *Borrow* and *Ford*."

F. C. G.'S FROISSART. 1903-1906. Told and Pictured by Sir F. CARRUTHERS GOULD. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.
Also a FINE EDITION, numbered (limited to 50 copies), on Japan paper and signed by the Author, 21s. net.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

THE HOUSE OF ARDEN. By E. NESBIT. With 32 Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR. 6s.

TALES FROM SPENSER. By R. W. GRACE. Illustrated. 6s.

THAT GIRL. By ETHEL TURNER. With 25 Illustrations. 6s.
Write for a copy of "Fascinating Children's Books."

THE ADELPHI LIBRARY

A new Series of Copyright Standard Novels. Bound in cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

1. **THROUGH SORROW'S GATES.** By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

2. **THE CANON IN RESIDENCE.** By VICTOR L. WHITCHURCH.

3. **EVELYN INNES.** (Revised Edition.) By GEORGE MOORE.

Write for a Prospectus of "The Adelphi Library."

SIX-SHILLING NOVELS

THE TEMPTING OF PAUL CHESTER. By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW, Authors of "The Shulamite."

THE WOMAN AND THE SWORD. By RUPERT LOBBRAINE. The Prize Novel.

PATSY. By H. DEVERE STACPOOLE, Author of "The Blue Lagoon."

PLEASE WRITE FOR A COPY OF "CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS" AND ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

MR. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS

ADVENTURES IN INDIA

AN INDIAN PEPYS

STORIA DO MOGOR; or, Mogul India

(1653-1708)

By NICCOLAO MANUCCI, Venetian. Translated with Notes and Introduction by WILLIAM IRVINE, late of the Bengal Civil Service; Member of Council, Royal Asiatic Society. With 61 Illustrations and a Map. Medium 8vo, 4 Vols., 12s. net each. Edited under the Supervision of the Royal Asiatic Society. Now Complete. Vol. IV. just out.

"The book is full of good stories and keen-sighted observation of character and manners. As a picture of Mogul life in the seventeenth century, not only at Court, but in camp and in the bazaars, it is unique. . . . We should add that the volumes are illustrated by reproductions of the original Indian portraits, which were specially painted for Manucci by an official in the household of Shah 'Alam.' Their authenticity seems incontrovertible—they are an interesting addition to an extremely valuable work."—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"We have now the real Manucci. . . . Of the way in which Mr. Irvine has dealt with the work we cannot speak too highly. Probably no other living scholar could have treated all the historical matter with the thorough mastery of the Persian authorities that Mr. Irvine shows in every page."—*Athenaeum*.

"There is probably no volume extant which gives such a vivid picture of life at an Indian Court and of Indian travel away from the railway as this does."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE SHORES OF THE ADRIATIC THE AUSTRIAN SIDE. AN ARCHITECTURAL AND ARCHAEOLOGICAL PILGRIMAGE.

By F. HAMILTON JACKSON, R.E.A. With numerous Illustrations from Photographs, Drawings by the Author, and a Map. Medium 8vo, 21s. net.

THE ITALIAN SIDE. Published 1906 21s. net

A HISTORY OF BRITISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTING

With a Chronological List of the Painters, with Dates of Birth and Death and Brief Accounts of their Lives, etc. By H. M. CUNDALL, I.S.O., F.S.A. With 58 Coloured Illustrations. 4to, 21s. net.

THE PLATE COLLECTOR'S GUIDE

Arranged from Cripps' "Old English Plate" with much Original and Useful Information by PERCY MACQUOID. With numerous Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, 6s. net. [Ready next Wednesday.]

FROM MONTAIGNE TO MOLIÈRE; OR, THE PREPARATION FOR THE CLASSICAL AGE OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

By ARTHUR TILLEY, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

Large crown 8vo, 5s. net.

This is not so much a history of French literature during the period covered by the title as an account of the various forces, political, social, religious, and literary, which prepared the way for the great Classical Age. Besides purely literary topics, such as the reforms of Malherbe and the rise of classical tragedy and comedy, there is an account of the Hotel de Rambouillet, which takes a somewhat different view from the prevailing one with regard to the *précieuse*, and a sketch of the Religious Revival, an important subject which has never yet been adequately treated as a whole.

THE WATERS OF JORDAN

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. 6s.

"Mr. Vachell has improved upon his previous work as to characterisation, construction, and expression in the earnest protest—under the guise of an interesting story—against mercenary marriages."—*Athenaeum*.

" . . . tells the tale of false love and true, with the penalties which a strong man pays for an aberration . . . Blended with the tragic part of the book is a wholesome atmosphere of country life and sport . . . a capital book."—*The Field*.

THE EAST END OF EUROPE

By ALLEN UPWARD. With Preface by the late Sir EDWARD LAW. With Illustrations and Map. Demy 8vo, 12s. net.

In the guise of an informal narrative of travel interspersed with personal anecdotes, the author has made a serious endeavour to get at the truth in regard to the problems of the Near East. The book is distinguished by the absence of sweeping statements, and the care taken to present first-hand evidence of a trustworthy character in the points dealt with, the witnesses culled ranging from the Sultan of Turkey (who volunteered a remarkable expression of his views and policy) down to the peasants of remote Christian villages.

THE BOOK OF WAR

Translated into English by Captain E. F. CALTHROP, R.A. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

This work, the writings of Sun-tzu and Wutzu, Chinese strategists of about the 5th century B.C., is the most famous work on the art of war in the Far East. It deals with operations of war, statecraft, *moral* and training of troops, stratagem, the use of spies, etc., and for 25 centuries it has been the Bible of the Chinese or Japanese ruler. The book is distinguished alike by the poetry and grandeur of its language and the modernity of its spirit.

THE SECOND TEMPLE IN JERUSALEM

ITS HISTORY AND STRUCTURE. By the Rev. W. SHAW CALDECOTT, Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, Author of "The Tabernacle," etc. With Plans and Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

INDIAN SCULPTURE AND PAINTING

Illustrated by Typical Masterpieces, with an Explanation of their Motives and Ideas, by E. B. HAVELL, formerly Principal of the Government School of Art and Keeper of the Government Art Gallery, Calcutta. With Coloured and Monochrome Illustrations. Royal 8vo, £3 3s. net.

A CENTURY OF ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES

By Professor A. MICHAELIS, of Strasburg. Translated into English by Miss BETTINA KAHNWEILER. With Illustrations. 12s. net.

MISS J. E. HARRISON writes:—"A piece of work that will be of great value to all archaeological students and to the educated public generally. . . . The fact that special stress is laid on German excavations is, as Professor Gardner notes, clear gain to us."

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

AND SOME OTHER LEGENDS ASTRONOMICALLY CONSIDERED. By the Hon. EMMELINE M. PLUNKET, Author of "Ancient Calendars and Constellations." With Illustrations. Square demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

THE LATINS IN THE LEVANT

A History of Frankish Greece (1204-1566). By WILLIAM MILLER. With Maps. Medium 8vo, 21s. net.

"The fascinating subject of mediæval Hellas is thus here treated exhaustively for the first time in English literature, and future travellers in a Greece now daily becoming more accessible will realise a new field for study in her romantic period, which offers the dramatist and novelist a store of hitherto unsuspected material . . . the general clearness and lucidity with which Mr. Miller has treated a subject of exceptional difficulty cannot be too highly commended."—*The Morning Post*.

MISS ESPERANCE AND MR. WYCHERLY

By Mrs. L. ALLEN HARKER. 6s.

"The most delightful book of its kind we have ever read. A story of the Cranford type, as gracefully written, as full of tender humour, as Mrs. Gaskell's masterpiece, and even more endearing. . . . It is impossible within a few lines to give any impression of such a book as this, nor is it really necessary, for every one who is capable of appreciating true literature will read it with sympathetic tears and laughter, and return to it lovingly as one meets and greets tried and faithful friends."—*The Lady*.

A PLEASURE-PILGRIM IN SOUTH AMERICA

By C. D. MACKELLAR. With Illustrations and Map. Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

A record compiled from letters of the Author's experiences and impressions during a tour for change and pleasure round South America, via Panama, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, the Straits of Magellan, Falkland Isles, Buenos Ayres, and Rio de Janeiro, including visits to Quito, the inland capital of Ecuador, under the Equator, the ancient Yuca city of Cuzco in the interior of Peru, and the capital and high desert plateau of Bolivia, places as yet unfrequented by and little known to the ordinary tourist.

PEARLS AND PARASITES

ESSAYS ON SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS. By A. E. SHIPLEY, M.A., Hon. D.Sc. (Princeton), F.R.S. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

"There is a rapidly-growing class who, though they have no practical experience of scientific work, do take an intelligent interest in its problems. To such people we would recommend Mr. Shipley's volume of essays. There they will find set out in lucid English the story of the great campaign against malaria, and they will be enabled to form some estimate of the debt owed by the world to men like Major Ross. They will find, too, an account of the life of Pasteur. The essays show remarkable literary ability, and a point of view which is certainly not the somewhat narrow one of the traditional man of science."—*Morning Post*.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN

The Greek Text Revised, with a Revised English Version and Notes. By the late B. F. WESTCOTT, D.D., Lord Bishop of Durham. 2 Vols. Demy 8vo, 24s. net.

"An edition of this wonderful Gospel, unique in the history of religion and literature and in the problems it presents, with a commentary composed by one who was at once a world-famed master in textual criticism and a mystic akin in tone of mind to the mysterious author, must be hailed by all religious thinkers and literary students as a great event."—*Birmingham Post*.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.